Visitors + Witnesses
[Binder 1, p. 53-89]

Drawer 6

Gettysburg Address

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Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources illuminating aspects of this most well-known Presidential speech

References to

Visitors & Witnesses

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection
(Formerly described as: Binder 1, p. 40-52)

31.2009.085.02144

Man Lincoln Inspired Heard Martyr President Make Gettysburg Address

Felt at Conclusion as if He Had Listened to Great Sermon—Significance of Speech Not Grasped by Newspapers.

By A. B. FARQUHAR

Not many are left who had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln. I have consented to write an account of an event, as I saw it, which is of peculiar interest to all Americans—the delivery of the Gettysburg Address.

From earliest boyhood a hero worshipper, inclined always to let my imagination play about the persons and doing of men of accomplishment and power, Lincoln interested me intensely from the very moment of his first appearance upon the stage of national affairs. With the Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois we were made familiar through the reports in the public press. And, though the logical force of Lincoln's arguments was most impressive, we were hardly prepared to recognize in him a possible future President of the United States.

Upon his nomination and subsequent election my imagination fired me with the determination to know more of this man, who had apparently made so much out of the scanty opportunities which had been his. I was, of course, on hand in Washington to hear his first maugural address, it being the first time I had ever seen him.

Then came the war, which added a new interest to the man upon whom developed the tremendous responsibilities of guiding and preserving the Union. I read everything about the President that was published, saw him once or twice, but really did not come to know him until shortly after the Battle of Gettysburg, when I had occasion to go to Washington to seek an interview, was kindly listened to, given some good advice, and returned more than ever at Lincoln admirer.

Lincoln Highway Not as Now.

Naturally, when the first intimation was given by the papers that the President would go to Gettysburg to take part in the dedication ceremonies of the new National Cemetery which had been established there in commemoration of the great battle (in which I myself had taken part, in helping to care for the wounded), it did not take me long to decide that I would be present.

Arrangements were made in advance for the hire of a two-seated vehicle and at 4 o'clock on the morning of November 19, 1863, accompanied by my two brothers-in-law, I started for Gettysburg over the same road that is now known as the Lincoln Highway. It was a mere dirt road, very rough, a goodly portion not macadamized at all, very different from the fine driveway it is now, and, while it took careful driving to prevent an upset, we were in no danger in those days from speeding automobiles. As it was, we came near upsetting several times in the darkness of that early November morning.

Reaching Gettysburg at about 7:30, we found the town already astir with residents and with visitors who had come on the same errand that brought us there. We put up the horses at a stable, got our breakfast, and prepared to find as favorable a place as we could to see the procession and hear the addresses. The Presidential being called to take his place in the procession, which was announced on the program to start at 10 o'clock.

After having breakfasted and talked with acquaintances and friends whom we met, I walked around to the house of Mr. Wills in order to see the President come forth. As he came out, I spoke to him; he recognized me and shook me by the hand, before he mounted his horse to join the procession.

We then hastened up to the cemetery in order to obtain a favorable position close to the speakers, and I was fortunate in getting a place right at the edge of the speakers' stand. The cemetery then was just a bare hillside with but few trees on it, and at that time very few monuments of any kind had been erected, but the graves of the soldiers had been marked with the names as far as they could be known. The majority were unknown, of course, and a good many of the soldiers were yet buried on the field where they had fallen.

It was about 11 o'clock when the Presidential party reached the platform, but Mr. Everett, the orator of the day, was fully half an hour late, and it was nearly noon before he began his address. Mr. Everett had an engaging personality, an intellectual and refined face and an attractive appearance, and his address, which he partly read from the manuscript which he held in his hand, was eloquent, but it was too long—probably an hour and a half in length.

The art of oratory was much more extensively practiced then than it is in this day, and Mr. Everett was one of the foremost orators of the time; but the audience was weary before he had finished. I was anxious for him to conclude in order that we might hear the President. I observed Mr. Lincoln closely. He listened attentively to Mr. Everett's speech, but it appeared to me that it began to weary him, and his face assumed an expression of care and sadness, his mind evidently being preoccupied with anxious thoughts.

A small rustic platform had been erected for the speakers, the site of which is now occupied by the monument upon which is engraved the immortal words which were there spoken. At the conclusion of Everett's address, the President slowly rose, stepped forward, and in a strong voice, occasionally glancing at a paper which he held in his hand, spoke the following words:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

had been established there in commemoration of the great battle (in which I myself had taken part, in helping to care for the wounded), it did not take me long to decide that I would be present.

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Reaching Gettysburg at about 7:30, we found the town already astir with residents and with visitors who had come on the same errand that brought us there. We put up the horses at a stable, got our breakfast, and prepared to find as favorable a place as we could to see the procession and hear the addresses. The Presidential party had arrived the night before, the President's special train having left Washington at noon of Wednesday the 18th.

Members of Cabinet There.

Three members of the Cabinet—Mr. Seward, Secretary of State; Mr. Usher, Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Blair, Postmaster General—accompanied the President, as did the French Minister, M. Mercier; the Italian Minister, M. Bertinatti, and several legation secretaries and attaches. Mr. Lincoln had also with him his private secretaries, Mr. Nicolay and Major John Hay. Capt. H. A. Wise of the Navy and Mrs. Wise (who was the daughter of Edward Everett) were of the party, as were also a number of newspaper correspondents, and a military guard of honor to take part in the Gettysburg procession.

The President stopped at the house of David Wills, a lawyer, who had been largely instrumental in the creation of a national cemetery on the battlefield. It was upon the invitation of Mr. Wills that the President had come. His letter of invitation read in part:

"I am authorized by the Governors of the different States to invite you to be present, and to participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is desired that, after the oration (which was to be delivered by Edward Everett), you, as Chief Eecutive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

Of the writing of this address there are various accounts. The story that the President jotted down the speech on the back of an old envelope on the train to Gettysburg seems to have little basis in fact, although it is quite probable he pondered over it on the journey. It seems to be fairly well established that President Lincoln gave considerable thought to the preparation of the "appropriate remarks" which he had been asked to make. Mr. Nicolay states that on the morning of the 19th, after the breakfast hour, he went up to the room which Mr. Lincoln occupied in the house of Mr. Wills to report for duty, and remained with the President while he finished writing the Gettysburg Address, during the short leisure he could utilize for the purpose before peared to me that it began to weary him, and his face assumed an expression of care and sadness, his mind evidently being preoccupied with anxious thoughts.

A small rustic platform had been erected for the speakers, the site of which is now occupied by the monument upon which is engraved the immortal words which were there spoken. At the conclusion of Everett's address, the President slowly rose, stepped forward, and in a strong voice, occasionally glancing at a paper which he held in his hand, spoke the following words:

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"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

Ground Already Consecrated.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they did here. It is rather for us, the living, to be here dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

These, as I remember them—and I have always had an exceedingly good word memory—were the exact words used by Lincoln, though the newspaper reports varied slightly from the text as here given. (The version revised by Lincoln himself also varies from this of Mr. Farquhar's.)

The President's countenance, which had become animated during the delivery of the address, resumed its look of sadness, as though he were disappointed at the reception of his words. It is undoubtedly true that his hearers did not appreciate it until they had a chance to read the address and ponder its meaning.

A newspaper in the neighboring city of Harrisburg failed to publish the President's address, remarking that he had not risen to the occasion, had made a few rambling remarks—and even the New York Tribune, either through accident or design, omitted it from its account of the dedication. Mr. Greeley, whom I afterward met at an agricultural fair at Elkton, Md., and to whom I showed the Westminster Review article, nodded his head and admitted that the Tribune had not grasped the significance of the speech.

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Danforth Shakespeare Club.

The Danforth Shakespeare club will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 with Mrs. M. C. Baum, 828 Sumner avenue.

54

2-12-33
N.Y. Times

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS RECALLED BY ONE WHO HEARD IT

A Boy Who Hid Under the Speakers' Platform Describes the Solemn Occasion and the Emotions of the Audience

By WIRT W. BARNITZ.

THE sympathy, simplicity and kindliness which were so much a part of Lincoln became manifest under tremendous emotional stress on that solemn Nov. 19, 1863, when he delivered the famous Gettysburg Address. His emotions at that moment, when private anxieties as well as the troublous affairs of the nation wrung his heart, are recorded in the memories of those few still living who saw and heard him on that "Day of Dedication," as Gettysburg still calls it.

By next Nov. 19 threescore and ten years will have passed away since the "fourscore-and-seven-years-ago" address fell upon the ears of an assemblage which stood motionless and silent. Many bowed their heads and almost without exception men doffed their hats, moved by the solemn manner of its delivery. The lowly and less educated mistook the speech for a prayer. A group of Negroes moaned forth an "Amen" with each pause, adding a plaintive note that was entirely in keeping with the occasion.

An Unobserved Listener.

Under the speakers' stand, directly beneath the feet of Lincoln, stood a boy of 15. He was looking up through a crack between the boards. There, earlier in the day, he had concealed himself among the huge store-boxes that formed the foundations of the platform, intent upon being as close to the "President with a heart" as was physically possible. Twenty-four hours before he had not thought of Lincoln other than as a great man. But to show how circumstances frequently alter cases and how mightily human and magnetic was Lincoln's personal appeal, what happened in this instance becomes illuminating.

This impressionable boy, observant and endowed with a splendid memory, early in the evening of the previous day had heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive at an hour when no train ever entered the village of Hanover, about fourteen miles east of Gettysburg. Immediately he hastened stationward with others who had heard the whistle.

To the villagers' surprise, they discovered that the special train on which Abraham Lincoln was journeying to Gettysburg had developed a "hot-box" and was, therefore, being shunted from the main line into the Hanover siding. The townspeople surrounded the coach in which Lincoln sat writing the latter part of his address, the top of his high hat serving as a makeshift desk.

There was no cheering. The babble of the crowd was low-pitched and subdued. The locomotive and the forward car with the offending axle rolled off to the repair shop. A voice was raised. "Father Abraham! Father Abraham! Come forth; your children want to see you." The crowd gave way, and Mr. Alleman, the minister of the village Lutheran Church, continuing his appeal, stepped close to the coach.

Lincoln Appears.

A moment later Lincoln's tall figure appeared in the doorway. Stooping, so that the crown of his head would clear the lintel, he strode out on the platform, smiled sadly, and slowly descended to the lower step.

Close by stood George Gitt, the boy who had heard the first signals of the train. In order that he might touch Lincoln's coat, he squirmed beneath the coach, and when he emerged his shoulder brushed the President's knee. The kindly face looked down at the lad and again smiled wistfully, and the great, friendly hand patted a proud head.

With his eyes fixed upon the boy Lincoln began to speak, and while he spoke his thoughts seemed to be far away and unrelated to the words he uttered, for that day his mountainous troubles were peaked by a distressing anxiety due to the critical condition of his little Tad.

After the train had departed, young Gitt, with two of his brothers, sought their father and succeeded in arranging for the use of the old family mare. Early next morning they were on their way. When they reached Gettysburg there was a parade in progress. Lincoln, lost in thought, seldom looking to the right or to the left, rode well forward in the procession.

Becoming separated from his brothers, George hastened to the spot about to be dedicated as a national cemetery. Possessed by the one thought to be as near Lincoln as possible, he hid under the speakers' stand.

Finally, when the parade had reached the cemetery and had disbanded and the platform was heavy with personages, official and unofficial, and Christ's Church choir ranged along one side began solemnly to chant a dirge, the boy discovered the whereabouts of Lincoln and stationed himself at the feet of his hero.

Through a crack between the planks he could look directly into Lincoln's face. Its deep lines, the wrinkled brow, the deep-set, brooding eyes burned indelible images into the memory of the boy, awakening sympathies which the years have not been able to dim. Now, although 85, he still vividly feels "those tuggings at his heart cords" which "seized" him that Autumn day when he gazed into the face of the President who knew more trials and tribulations than any other of our Chief Executives.

The pause that had followed the prayer now gave way to stirrings above. The boy shifted his position to another crack close to the front of the platform. Edward Everett was unfolding the manuscript of his oration, but the boy was not interested. He returned to his former position to look again into that sad face with those somber, wistful eyes that, as he aptly puts it, "seemed to be looking into hell and heaven at one and the same time."

Until Edward Everett began to speak, the President gazed into space; then, as the first period of that ornate oration, which was to consume an hour and twenty minutes, was pronounced, he leaned from one side of his chair to the other and crossed his legs, turning his eyes full upon the speaker.

Preparing for the Speech.

Somewhat later he again shifted his position and rested his chin in the palm of his right hand. His eyes wandered over the audience, resting for a moment as some figure held his attention.

Thus he sat until Everett had uttered his final sentence. Then he slowly removed his hand from his chin, bent slightly forward, and very deliberately drew from an inner pocket of his coat a few flimsy pieces of paper. These he shuffled from hand to hand until that particular sheet for which he sought appeared. Leaning back in the chair again, but without recrossing his legs, he intently studied the contents of the page. His concentration was so complete that, as often happened, he was motionless with thought. The posture was characteristic, and long since a sculptor has given it permanency in bronze.

Tucking away the papers, he arose and very slowly stepped to

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

From the Painting by F. G. Ransom. © International.

the front of the platform. The flutter and motion of the crowd, which followed the Everett oration and which continued while Lincoln was being introduced, ceased the moment the President was on his feet. So complete was the quiet that his footfalls, as he strode forward, awoke echoes, and with the creaking of the boards it was to the boy as if some one were walking through the hallways of an empty house. The brooding eyes glowed with a strange light and then, in a deep, resonant voice, Lincoln began to speak. Word followed word so slowly that the value of each syllable was unduly magnified.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation——" (here there was a decided pause; the adjective new was given high emphasis) "—conceived in liberty—" (another pause and more high emphasis, this time on the noun liberty) "—and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Now the group of Negroes who had been wailing "Amen" in an undertone at each pause lifted their voices higher and higher. A number of them were weeping.

The deep, resonant voice continued: "—whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure." These words were spoken so very slowly that to the boy it seemed as if they were the utterance born of a dream. With the next sentence Lincoln quickened the time of his delivery; and when he came to "—gave the last full measure of devotion," tears trickled down his cheeks, and he cleared his throat.

With a large white handkerchief, which he drew from an inner pocket of his coat and which he allowed to dangle for a moment from his right hand as it fell relaxed at his side, he brushed away the tears and mopped his brow, and for the first time slightly shifted his feet.

Magnetism of Lincoln.

During the final passages of the address the boy was thrilled as he had not been thrilled by the previous sentences. "It was," he now describes it, "as if something electric ran up and down my spine. Surely the magnetism of that great soul flowed through me in a torrent. It was certainly not what he said that made me fell as I did but how he said it. In other words, I felt as I know many others did the outreaching, magnetic personality of Lincoln."

The brevity of the address, together with its abrupt close, so astonished the multitude that they stood transfixed. Lincoln turned and strode toward his chair, and finally there came applause and a calling, "Yes! Yes! Government for the people!" It was as if the Blue Ridge Mountains to the west were echoing Lincoln's keynote thought.

Cook Sarah A (Choir)

55

She Sat Near Lincoln as He Gave World His Gettysburg Address

Public Ledger — Phil.

AS LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY once more vividly recalls the emancipator to the mind of a nation, there are a few persons who cherish the memory of personal association with him. Among those is Mrs. John T. Myers, of Moylan, who, in her seventy-sixth years, recalls Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

She then was Sarah A. Cook, a girl of nineteen, living in a Quaker settlement about ten miles from Gettysburg. Her father's home was a station on the "underground railroad," then at the height of its activity. As she recalls the day of the address, she says:

"I drove to Gettysburg with my sister, in our buggy, and I remember it was a lovely, warm and sunshiny day. There was such a crowd of people in the town that we had to leave our buggy on the very outskirts of the village.

"Before the address I went to a reception at the home of Judge David Wills, given in honor of Lincoln. There I first shook his hand and talked to him."

[It was at that reception that Lincoln excused himself from the assemblage, went into the judge's office and wrote the final draft of the Gettysburg address on personal paper of the judge.]

"We followed in the big parade after the reception to the platform where Lincoln was to speak. The platform was very rough, with steps on one side. My sister and I sat on those steps and listened to the address. The moment of silence that followed the address was very impressive. As a Quaker girl, silence meant solmenity to me, and I shall always remember that moment as solemn and inspiring."

The Rev. Dr. Henry Jacobs, dean of the Lutheran Seminary at Mount Airy, yesterday addressed the pupils of the John L. Kinsey Public School, Sixty-fifth avenue and Limekiln pike, in connection with the patriotic exercises in commemoration of Lincoln's birth.

Dr. Jacobs, who was at Gettysburg when President Lincoln delivered his famous address there, gave the children some interesting facts concerning the origin of that masterpiece.

GEORGE, NANNIE

56

LOCAL WOMAN HEARD LINCOLN'S FAMOUS GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Mrs. Nannie George Sat on Platform When President Delivered Address and Tells of Humorous Incident of the Occasion

Now someone was badly mistaken on a point or two about that Gettysburg address of Lincoln, Mrs. Nannie George, 1410 Dewey avenue, and mother of E. L. George, secretary of the chamber of commerce, says in criticising a recent article in a metropolitan paper.

The story says that Seward made the long talk of the day and that Lincoln sat there on the platform through Seward's hour and a half talk and then got up and gave the brief discourse known throughout the nation since as the Gettysburg address. Now Lincoln made his speech before Seward did, says Mrs. George. Lincoln was the president of the United States at that time, she points out ,and naturally would not have been asked to add a few remarks at the end of a long talk by another.

Lincoln's talk was the drawing card of the day then, she says, as it would be now and after the usual preliminary musical numbers and introductory speeches, he was introduced as the nation's president. It was then, she says, that he arose and in his clear kindly voice dedicated that national cemetery in a Pennsylvania county in the talk, said to have been largely extemporaneous, which is known to every American today.

Mrs. George has a right to be very positive on the subject for she sat on the platform that day about fifteen feet from the president when he gave the famous address. Her interesting story concerning the events of the dedication day ceremonies is told as though it happened yesterday.

She at that time was but seventeen and had gone to the celebration from her home in a neighboring county about eighteen miles from Gettysburg with several other young people. A bachelor uncle, a prominent physician and organizer of an orphans home for veterans' children, was given two platform tickets and just as the procession to the platform began he asked his young niece Nannie to accompany him.

As Mrs. George laughingly tells it now she would much rather have stayed with her sister and their young friends for she little dreamed then, nor did anyone else, the honor which was hers. Mrs. George takes issue with those who say that Lincoln was a homely man, also. She thought his face pleasing with a most kindly expression The sort of a man she says, whom anyone would feel free to go to with their troubles.

An amusing feature of her platform appearance on that day brings a smile to Mrs. George. Someone had stepped on the ruffle of her skirt which just swept the ground and nearly a yard of it was dragging behind all unknown to her. Her friends of course saw this when she went to the platform and she later found that to have been the cause of their merriment everytime they caught her eye.

She adds that she'd like to see the 17-year-old girl whose skirt could be stepped on now days.

Mrs. George well remembers the grief which swept the country when the news of Lincoln's' death became known the morning after the tragedy. The stores in Charlesburg, Pa., the nearest town, never opened that day at all, she says, and grief-stricken men lined the streets discussing the assassination many openly in tears.

MARTINSVILLE, OHIO, ENTERPRISE
FEB. 2, 1929 — F19

Goldsmith, Oliver

57

Clark E Carr

HEARD LINCOLN MAKE SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG

Oliver Goldsmith Believes He Is the Only Chicagoan Who Was There

AUDIENCE HELD SPELLBOUND

Classic Address Delivered Without Gestures or Frills, Declares Veteran

Chicago Daily Journal. 11-19-13

Oliver N. Goldsmith, 6828 Darnell avenue, Normal Park, believes he is the only living Chicagoan who heard Abraham Lincoln deliver his Gettysburg address, Nov. 19, 1863.

Mr. Goldsmith is a past commander of George G. Mead post No. 444, Englewood. He is 69 years old, and enlisted in the Fifth New York regiment in February, 1862.

His regiment was the only one present at the dedication of Gettysburg cemetery.

The veteran paints a graphic picture of Lincoln and the solemn ceremonies on the Gettysburg battlefield. "I am the only man in Chicago who was there," began the captain when asked to tell the story.

Regiment Escorted Lincoln

"Nov. 15, 1863, the war department ordered my regiment to Gettysburg. We were then stationed at Baltimore. On the 19th we marched as the president's escort. Before entering the cemetery we formed in line at the side of the roadway, where we stood at present arms as the president, his staff, the members of the cabinet, the governors of eighteen states and their staffs and all the foreign ambassadors rode by on horseback.

Capt. Goldsmith said he laughed when "Father Abraham," as he was known to the "boys," rode by.

"It was a most imposing cavalcade. President Lincoln led the procession. It was laughable to see the president himself astride a small mount, with his long legs almost touching the ground.

"In his right hand he held his silk hat. He wore a long, black frock coat and a narrow black bow tie. It was the first time that I had ever seen him, but no one could help recognizing that tall, gaunt figure. He was by far the most striking man in that great cavalcade of distinguished men. Directly behind him came the various generals of the eastern army.

"I have often been asked," added the old veteran, as he stroked his long gray beard, "whether there was any applause at the ceremony. There was none. It was a solemn occasion.

"Our regiment marched in front of the temporary stand and formed a semicircle in four ranks. We stood seventy-five feet from the platform.

"The orator of the day, Edward Everett, spoke for two solid hours. When he concluded, Lincoln was introduced. He stepped to the front of the platform, paused, looked over the vast assemblage, and then made the short address that is now looked upon as a classic of English literature.

Hearers Held Spellbound

"His deep, powerful voice could be heard by every one. He made but few gestures. His address went straight to the heart. As he closed and took his seat it seemed as if the throng held its breath for many minutes. Not a sound could be heard.

The captain, when asked whether Lincoln held an envelope on which he bad made notes, during the speech, replied: "He held nothing in his hand. The story told of how President Lincoln wrote out his address on the back of an envelope, en route to Gettysburg from Washington, D. C., may be true, but I doubt it. To me it seems as though he must have been preparing it all his life."

"I can hear him now as I sit here talking to you about it," he added. "There were no frills about that speech. We understood him and listened intently to those profound words."

Mr. Goldsmith was in many of the lesser battles of the war. In '62 he was at Harper's Ferry under Gen. Miles, who surrendered to Stonewall Jackson.

Toward the end of the war he was taken prisoner by the confederates at Cedar Ridge and sent to Libby prison, where he was reduced to a skeleton and came near losing his life before he was released four months later. Every year he is asked to appear before south-side schools and tell the children about "Father Abraham."

SPEECH A DISAPPOINTMENT AT THE TIME, SAYS COL. CARR

Lincoln's Gettysburg address was a disappointment to many who listened to it. It was not until after President Lincoln's speech was read in the newspapers and pondered over that its great strength was noted, according to Col. Clark E. Carr of Galesburg. There is no one in the country better qualified to speak on this than Col. Carr, who sat behind the president when the immortal address was delivered.

Incidentally, Col. Carr is the man directly responsible for that classic. He was a member of the commission of eighteen, the only one surviving, to arrange for the dedication of the battlefield as a national cemetery. He made the motion which resulted in the invitation to Lincoln to talk.

"Lincoln hadn't struck the other members as being just the right speaker for the occasion," said Col. Carr. "He was a great political speaker—his Douglas debates were classics—but something different from a political speech was wanted for this occasion.

"Well, they finally yielded to my demands and Lincoln was asked to speak just two weeks before the dedication. Edward Everett, however, made the big address of the day.

"Lincoln's speech that day was a disappointment to the commissioners. It was so short that they wondered at its early conclusion. It was not until they read it in the papers that they realized what a classic it was."

Kuhn Catherine

Gettysburg Scene Still Vivid To Indiana Choir Singer

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE ENQUIRER. 1939

Wabash, Ind., February 11—When Abraham Lincoln made his address at dedicatory exercises of Gettysburg Memorial Cemetery, 67 years ago, Mrs. Catherine Kuhn, 88 years old, North Manchester, Ind., sat on the platform as a member of the choir selected to sing at the services. She was 24 years old.

Mrs. Kuhn was born at Gettysburg February 13, 1841, in the first brick building erected there. The building was an inn, operated by her father, J. C. Wattles.

"I do not remember how many were in the choir that day, but not many," Mrs. Kuhn said. "A few still are living, I believe. The day of the dedication was nice. Governors from all states in the Union came to town for the ceremonies. Governor Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, was entertained in our home. President Lincoln was entertained at the home of Mr. Wills, a prominent lawyer.

"The war memorial cemetery was not far from town, situated across the road from the battlefield. It was divided from the town cemetery by a fence. The monument which since has been erected there is situated in the center of the cemetery, and the graves surround it on three sides in the shape of a horseshoe. The day of the dedication nothing was on the ground except a little wooden building, with a high platform built on one side of it, on which the services were conducted. President Lincoln the Governors and members of the choir sat there.

"There was a short prayer service at the Presbyterian Church before we went out to the cemetery. We walked out there. I remember having seen Mr. Lincoln riding to the cemetery on horseback. His head was bare and he did not even bother to put his feet in the stirrups. They almost touched the ground. I don't believe I have ever seen a sadder looking man than Abraham Lincoln. When he spoke his voice was sad too. He talked slowly and distinctly, and not for a very long time. A hush fell over the crowd. A man before Lincoln had talked for an hour and a half.

"I remember how big and important I felt sitting up there as a member of the selected choir on the same platform with the President. The singers of the choir had been chosen from all the churches in town."

Mrs. Kuhn was in Gettysburg during the battle and tells many interesting stories.

"That battle lasted for three days,"

MRS. CATHERINE KUHN.

she said. "The courthouse, seminary and all available buildings were turned into hospitals. The streets were thick with ambulances. Our house, which had a basement 60 feet deep, was the safest place in the neighborhood and everyone around came there for refuge. My mother was in Pittsburgh at the time. All trains were discontinued and she could not return, so I had to take her place.

"Townspeople were warned that they should be ready to leave at an hour's notice. It was dangerous to be out in the street and I had to see that everyone in our house remained in the cellar. Our house was located on a main street of the city, and I stood with others out in front to help care for the wounded men brought past in ambulances.

"The roar of the cannon could be heard all day, but there was no fighting at night. I can remember, too, seeing the army of the Potomac march past on the street which intersected our street. We often went to the hospitals to cheer the suffering the best we could. I can yet see the ambulances as they came down the street. Only a few houses in the town were struck and only two persons in town killed—a man and a young girl. The girl was a classmate of mine and a member of our church. She was taking care of her sister, who was ill, when killed. The house was not far from the battlefield and she was baking bread when a shot entered the kitchen, killing her. It was necessary to bury her in the garden."

Parrott, Edwin A.

Veteran Motorist Heard Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

Among the few surviving Americans to whom the 121st anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday on February means more than a mere prominent date in history is Colonel Edwin A. Parrott of Princeton, N. J., a 99-year-old motorist who still enjoys a brisk daily spin in his Dodge Brothers automobile.

Colonel Parrott, an officer in the Union army during the Civil War and the first man in Ohio to enlist for that struggle, sat on the platform at Gettysburg when Lincoln relivered his memorial address on that famous battlefield. He was 32 years old at the time, and recalls distinctly that other speeches on the program made much better impressions than the Emancipator's masterpiece, which was at first not appreciated because of its simplicity.

Born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1830, Colonel Parrott was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan and then went to Harvard law school. He was admitted to the bar in Ohio but never practiced. Some years ago Ohio Wesleyan sent a special representative to Princeton to interview Colonel Parrott and to present to him the cane awarded to the oldest living graduate of the Ohio institution. He has given a series of much-quoted interviews to the press in which among other interesting and unusual statements he has declared that the four years he spent in college were the worst in his life. This he explaines by the fact that he entered college at the age of 14, and therefore was not sufficiently matured during his undergraduate days.

Before the Civil War he was a member of the Ohio legislature and happened to be in the Governer's office when the President called for volunteers. He was the first man in the state to enlist. He became colonel of the First Ohio infantry and in the last year of the war was made provost of that state. Colonel Parrott knew Lincoln and Grant personally.

He has smoked all his life and is still allowed cigars; he has no special diet and in addition to daily rides in his Dodge Brothers sedan, he also takes a regular stroll afoot. Some years ago he started to write a volume of memoirs, but gave up the confining task in favor of his regular pastime, driving his automobile in the sunshine and fresh air. The car he is now driving is the second Dodge Brothers automobile he has owned. He expects to wear this one out in spite of the fact that he knows from experience the long life that has always characterized Dodge automobiles.

Colonel Parrott has voted for every president since he became of age. He still retains an active interest in politics.

WOODWARD OKLA. NEWS-BULLETIN
FEB. 14, 1930

Parrott, Col. E. A.

On Platform 60

60

New York Times, Feb. 13, '31.

RECALLS LINCOLN ADDRESS.

Col. E. A. Parrott Says Gettysburg Talk Was Not Appreciated at Time.

Special to The New York Times.

PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 12.—Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was not appreciated when first delivered, according to Colonel Edwin A. Parrott, who was on the platform with Lincoln when he gave the address. Colonel Parrott, who last November observed his 100th birthday, knew the war-time President personally for years.

As Colonel of the First Ohio Infantry and finally Provost of Ohio during the Civil War, Colonel Parrott was intimately associated with both Grant and Lincoln. He was one of the official party at Gettysburg. Speeches of the other orators made a tremendous impression, says Colonel Parrott, but Lincoln's masterpiece seemed to be so simple that it was hardly understood.

Peters, H. G. Red top boots Remembrance of Prexy

61

HEARD LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

To the Editor of The Dispatch.

Sir: The article in The Columbus Dispatch Mail Bag about Arthur H. Smythe of Berkley, Calif., was brought to my attention, and I take pleasure in contributing the following personal experience:

I lived in a small town, New Oxford, Pa., about 10 miles from Gettysburg (a town with a population of about 1200), was about eight years old and disinctly remember that event. Fifteen years ago I gave a brief talk at Marion, Ohio (the home town of ex-President Harding), on the subject, "Reminiscences of the Battle of Gettysburg."

When Lincoln made his Memorial Address at Gettysburg, I was there and sat on the platform. Everybody in our community was anxious to go to Gettysburg on that occasion. I asked my father to let me go with him, but he said I was too young and would get lost in the crowd. I repeated the request; finally my mother came to my aid and said, "Take him along, it will be an experience he will never forget." Father finally consented. We went early to avoid the crowd and located well up front near the grandstand. Shortly the crowd was so immense that I was jammed in like a sardine. I did not realize the importance of this event. I was enthusiastic about the soldiers, bands and the boundless mass of people. Finally I said to my father, "I can't see here and I am going up and sit on the platform; you will find me there." Before he could protest, I was squeezing my way to the grandstand, where after great effort, I succeeded. How I got up there I do not know unless some kind soldier, to protect me from getting crushed, picked me up and put me on the stand, but there I was, sitting on the edge with my new pair of red-topped, copper-toed shoes (excuse me, but if you never saw a kid in that day and age with red-topped boots and bright copper toes, "you ain't seen nothing yet"). They were the pride and joy of every boy in town, and generally were kept for Sundays, holidays and state occasions.

Well, I could hear the bands and see the soldiers and the wonderful concourse of people. Finally the bands stopped playing and some gentleman on the platform made a speech. Then a tall, long, lean man got up, took off his high hat and spoke. Of course the people cheered and clapped and so did I. I was having the time of my life. What he said I did not comprehend, and when he stopped the dense throng was silent for a few seconds—then deafening cheers. I did not shake hands with him; in fact, I did not realize it was the president of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, until it was all over.

I was too young to realize the importance of the event and that history was in the making. I was born July 24, 1855, am 76 years of age and still going strong.

H. G. Peters.

116 W. High St., Mt. Gilead, O.

Columbus Dispatch

Reynolds George W one of 40 wounded soldiers 62

LINCOLN'S GREAT SPEECH

Wash. Nat Intelligencer 4-15-26

Comrade Who Heard It Tells of the Incidents of the Day at Gettysburg Nov. 19, 1863.

George W. Reynolds, 25 Winter St., Waterville, Me., believes that he is the only veteran living "way down east" in Maine that heard Lincoln deliver his immortal Gettysburg speech Nov. 19, 1863. Comrade Reynolds is hale and hearty despite his 83 years and the rebel bullet that he has carried since the war.

Comrade Reynolds joined the 20th Me. and was soon afterward at Washington, where it joined the Fifth Corps. Soon after that it followed the corps into the Battle of Antietam. Then came the Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg campaigns. He was by that time a Sergeant.

On the morning of July 2, 1863, Sergt. Reynolds's regiment got in the Battle of Gettysburg at Little Round Top. In this battle Sergt. Reynolds had a great adventure. One hundred and forty-two of this regiment were killed and wounded and he has to remind him of the day three bullet wounds, one in his leg, one in his side, and one in his hip.

Lay Wounded.

He lay on the field on Little Round Top for six days. After the third day two wounded companions carried him under a tree, which partially protected him from a heavy rainstorm. At the end of the sixth day he was carried to a barn some distance away, which had been reconstructed into a crude hospital, with straw for his bed and no comforts to ease the pain of a man believed to be dying.

Sergt. Reynolds lay in this barn until July 22—two long weeks of suffering. Some bond between the bullet-ridden soldier and the bullet-ridden old barn must have been established, for since those two weeks of nightmares Sergt. Reynolds has revisited the place where he lay near death four times.

He was sent to a hospital in York, Pa., which had formerly been a general hospital, but had of necessity been turned over to accommodate the soldiers. There were 1,200 wounded soldiers cared for there from the Battle of Gettysburg alone.

Impression of Lincoln.

On Nov. 19, along with 40 other wounded men, Reynolds was sent to the dedication of the new cemetery at Gettysburg. The party was a sad representation of the manhood which had started out to keep the Union whole. Sergt. Reynolds was on crutches, and not one of the 40 boys but whom wore a bandage or a cane as a medal of service.

There in Gettysburg, standing within a few yards of the platform, he heard Edward Everett, without doubt the greatest orator of the time, deliver a speech which lasted two hours and is now unknown, except it be dug out of some ancient book.

In the tired hush which followed Everett's eloquence, Lincoln, gaunt and with the burden of every death written on his face, stood before the crowd. He carried a roll of paper in his hand, to which during his address he did not refer. Slowly the great man spoke words which touched the hearts of the people before him.

The young men, who had given their youth for an ideal which burned in the empassioned appeal of the address, hardly realized that they listened to immortal words. They only realized that here was the man for whom they had fought; and here he was, telling them that they had done a good job, done it well, and if it sufficed them, even though they could not know then that their words later would inspire Americans thruout the ages.

Sergt. Reynolds tells the story of his first sight of Lincoln with great force and simplicity. He mentioned that he had reasons to believe that none of the 40 comrades who traveled with him that day are now living.

Served in Washington.

That night he returned to the hospital at York, where he remained until Feb. 22, 1864. At this time a furlough was granted him and he returned to his home in Sidney, Me. At the end of six weeks he was transferred to Camp Distribution, Alexandria, Va., where he was in charge of the Fifth Corps barracks for five months, and was then transferred to Capitol Hill Barracks. There he remained all Winter in Washington on duty. He was in Washington when Lincoln was assassinated, on April 14. Reynolds was called out that night under arms, and for four days and nights he guarded the trains on the lookout for conspirators who took an active part in the planning of the assassination. At this time, after the varied and exciting career which he had experienced, Sergt. Reynolds celebrated his 22d birthday by being assigned to the prison where the conspirators were kept until they were hanged.

guests

63

GETTYSBURG DEDICATION

Editor Everybody's Column: What information can you give me about the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg? Can you print Dr. Stockton's prayer on that occasion?

U. S. G.

Almost immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, which lasted from July 1 to the evening of July 3, 1863, the Government determined to acquire and set apart the battlefield for a National Soldiers' Cemetery. On November 19, 1863, the field, which then contained the graves of 3580 Union soldiers, was dedicated by President Lincoln.

One of the most detailed accounts of the ceremonies is taken from the writings of one present, who said:

"Reaching Gettysburg at about 7.30 in the morning (November 19), we found the town already astir with residents and with visitors. The Presidential party had arrived the night before, the President's special train having left Washington at noon of Wednesday, the 18th. Three members of the Cabinet—Mr. Seward, Secretary of State; Mr. Usher, Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Blair, Postmaster General—accompanied the President, as did the French Minister, M. Mercier; the Italian Minister, M. Bertinatti, and several legation secretaries and attaches. Mr. Lincoln had also with him his private secretaries, Mr. Nicholay and Major John Hay. Captain H. A. Wise, of the Navy, and Mrs. Wise (who was the daughter of Edward Everett), were of the party, as were also a number of newspaper correspondents and a military guard of honor to take part in the Gettysburg processions.

"The President stopped at the house of David Willis, a lawyer, who had been largely instrumental in the creation of a national cemetery on the battlefield. It was upon the invitation of Mr. Willis that the President had come . . .

"It was about 11 o'clock when the Presidential party reached the platform, but Mr. Everett, the orator of the day, was fully half an hour late, and it was nearly noon before he began his address."

His address lasted nearly one hour and a half and then Lincoln gave his famous Gettysburg address. The same writer continues: "There was some applause during the delivery of the address, but less at the conclusion than one would have expected." It is understood that the audience was too deeply moved for applause.

Rev. T. H. Stockton, D. D., a Methodist clergyman, delivered a prayer at the dedication. He was a pioneer in anti-slavery agitation, an opponent of sectarianism, and famous for his eloquence. His prayer on the occasion of the dedication of Gettysburg covers three printed pages and is too long to reproduce here, but it may be consulted in the "Revised Report Made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania Relative to the Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg," published in Harrisburg in 1867.

Phila Inquirer

Push

64

All in the Day's Work

BY W. R. ROSE.

Cleveland Plain Dealer 11/28/24

His Immortal Address.

ON the morning of Nov. 20, 1863, one of Cleveland's dailies carried this news item: "Edward Everett's great oration was followed by a few appropriate remarks by President Lincoln." Those few appropriate remarks constituted the Gettysburg Address.

A reader wants to know something about the arrangements that led to the delivery of the address, which he says he reads with religious fervor on every recurrence of its anniversary. His latest reading, therefore, was on the nineteenth of the present month, which brought the sixty-first anniversary of the immortal address.

It was at sunset on July 3, 1863, that the Battle of Gettysburg ended and the Confederate forces prepared for a general retreat from the field where 2,600 of their men had died. On the morning of July 5 Lee's army was on its way back to Virginia. Then Gov. Andrew G. Curtin, Pennsylvania's war governor, ordered the state military authorities in and about Gettysburg to take charge of interring the dead left unburied by both armies and of caring for the wounded, Union and Confederate, the number approximating 20,000.

A Leading Citizen.

The leading citizen of Gettysburg at this time was one David Wills, and to him Gov. Curtin intrusted the task of handling the situation. He was made a special agent of the state authorities, personally representing the governor, and at once assumed his duties. He found many of the slain were incompletely buried, and the markings on numerous headboards obliterated.

Then David Wills had an inspiration. It was to gather in a vast national cemetery the soldier dead scattered over the great battle field.

The governors of the states whose troops had participated in the battle heartily approved of the plan. Seventeen states were interested, and the state authorities of each agreed to cooperate with David Wills.

Then the state of Pennsylvania bought a tract of seventeen acres, including the highest point of Cemetery hill, overlooking the battle field. The work of preparing the grounds was pushed with rapidity. The commission that had immediate charge of the work planned a dedication day with suitable ceremonies. Edward Everett was chosen the orator of the occasion. He was a scholar and speaker of deserved eminence and had represented Massachusetts in the United States senate.

Incidentally, President Lincoln was asked to be present and, as chief executive, officially dedicate the cemetery grounds to their sacred use. His remarks were to follow those of the orator of the day.

Everett's Oration.

Senator Everett's oration was the masterly effort that was anticipated. Its delivery took two hours, from noon until close to 2 o'clock.

Then after other incidentals the Lincoln address was uttered. It contained 267 words and required three minutes in its delivery—the one matchless address in the English language, and perhaps in the world's annals.

Two Clevelanders are said to have heard this remarkable effort. There may be others. One of these men was sent with a body of Connecticut troops to take part in the parade which was a feature of the dedicatory program. Several years ago he was quoted as saying: "We had listened to Mr. Everett's very long address, we were tired and hungry, and I'm afraid none of us appreciated the president's few remarks. In fact, I think the general sentiment was one of disappointment."

The other Clevelander was a boy of 15 at the time of the dedication. He walked nine miles from his father's farm to be present on the big occasion, and while he saw and heard the president he was too young to be impressed by his words.

In fact, the general opinion seemed to be that the eloquence and soaring periods and fine imagery of the Everett oration completely submerged the brief and terse and quiet words of the president.

It is recalled that a noted Cleveland lawyer, an eloquent and forceful pleader who died several years ago, once said: "Whenever I feel a little tired and stale and dissatisfied, I take down from my bookcase my copy of Lincoln's address and find aid and comfort and renewed strength in the immortal lines."

Cochran, Henry Clay

65

SAYS LINCOLN REVISED GETTYSBURG SPEECH

Retired U. S. Officer Declares Thirteen Changes Were Made in Famous Address.

HEARD THE ORIGINAL

Colonel Henry Clay Cochrane, of Chester, a retired officer of the United States Marine Corps, made the assertion yesterday in an address on "Abraham Lincoln," before the Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Association, 1018 Arch street, that the report of Lincoln's famous Gettysburg speech, as it appears today, is not as the martyred President delivered it.

"The speech, as quoted today," declared Colonel Cochrane, "contains revisions in thirteen different places. President Lincoln himself revised the address, adding a word or two here and there and taking out one or two.

"It was several weeks after the address that its significance as one of the greatest pieces of modern English literature became apparent. There were only about 250 words and it took Lincoln just two minutes, actual time, to deliver it.

"When its worth became apparent, there came to Lincoln requests from every section for an accurate copy of the original. In making the copies Lincoln changed the wording here and there, but retained its general thought. I have compared a copy of the original speech with that now generally quoted, and I have found thirteen changes in it."

Colonel Cochrane is the only survivor of the eleven public officers and army men who formed Lincoln's personal escort from Washington to Gettysburg. He is also the only survivor among the men who sat on the platform with the emancipator.

Relics of Abraham Lincoln were shown at the meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania last night, held in observance of the centennial anniversary of the dead President's birth. Major William H. Lambert, a Lincoln scholar, spoke on "The Gettysburg Address; When Written, How Received and Its True Form."

Among the exhibits were letters of Lincoln, a notebook celebrated as being the only book Lincoln ever wrote for publication, Volk's life mask of Lincoln taken in 1860, and the Mills mask taken in 1864.

G. A. R. POSTS CELEBRATE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL

George G. Meade Post, No. 1, G. A. R., celebrated the Lincoln centennial last night with a memorial service in the post hall, Odd Fellows' Temple. Albert G. Hetherington delivered the address and General St. Clair A. Mulholland told personal reminiscences of Lincoln.

Tyndale Post, No. 160, held similar ceremonies at 1365 Ridge avenue last night, the feature being an address on Lincoln by Mayor Reyburn.

CONGRESS

Newton, David + Joe

WHEN ABRAHAM LINCOLN SPOKE

The true story of two boys who were present when Lincoln made his famous Gettysburg Address

By SHIRLEY DEAN NEVIN

"WAKE up, David! We're going to Gettysburg today!"

"Oooooh, Father! I'll be ready in two minutes!"

Hurriedly David dressed, his fingers fumbling excitedly with buttons and shoe laces, for was he not going to Gettysburg to see Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States?

All their lives David and his older brother Joe had lived on their father's large Pennsylvania farm, twenty-four miles from the scene of the greatest battle of the Civil War, the Battle of Gettysburg. They had watched thousands of Northern soldiers march past their house to battle, and had heard the steady booming of cannon during those terrible days of fighting.

Now, four months afterwards, the National Cemetery for the soldiers who had died at Gettysburg was to be dedicated on November nineteenth, 1863, and President Lincoln was coming from Washington to speak.

All this happened more than seventy years ago, before automobiles were dreamed of. People traveled short distances in carriages, and took longer trips by train. As there was no train that the Newtons could take, they had to drive to Gettysburg the day before. However, their horse, Jim, was quite equal to the long pull, and the carriage was roomy and comfortable.

By eight o'clock they were off. All morning they drove across the beautiful Cumberland Valley. By noon they were as hungry as bears. After eating their lunch on a sunny hillside, they continued over South Mountain, a long ridge between their home and Gettysburg. Part way up Joe spied a sign on a little roadside store.

"Look, Father, 'Cider and pretzels for sale'."

"All right, we'll get some. We'll get Jim some water, too." And nothing ever tasted better than the cool, sweet cider and those salty Pennsylvania pretzels.

It was five o'clock when Mr. Newton pointed to a cluster of roofs and said, "There's Gettysburg, boys—I suppose we'll find a big crowd waiting for Mr. Lincoln."

Gettysburg was full to overflowing. Flags were flying and bands were playing. At first they could find no place to spend the night, but finally Mr. Newton said, "We'll call on an old friend of mine—Dr. Horner. He will take us in, I'm sure."

Dr. Horner proved to be a cordial gentleman whose house stood directly opposite the home of Mr. Wills, where the President was staying.

"Why, Sam Newton, this *is* a pleasure," said the doctor heartily. "You're hunting a place to stay? Well, my house is full, but I'll be glad to let you have the back parlor, if you don't mind sleeping on the floor."

and get a good night's rest. Then we shall feel fine tomorrow."

Back at Dr. Horner's they wrapped themselves in their blankets and slept soundly on the parlor floor. It was a bright November day when they awoke.

"The dedication exercises begin at eleven," said Mr. Newton. "I think it would be wise to go to the Cemetery before the procession arrives, so that we can find a place near the grandstand."

About ten o'clock they pushed their way through the crowded streets and reached the Cemetery, three-quarters of a mile from the town.

"I never saw so many graves," said David, gazing at the hundreds of soldiers' graves ranged in an orderly semicircle behind the flag-draped grandstand.

"Yes," replied his father, "and there are hundreds more still to be taken from the places where they fell, and buried here with their comrades."

"Oh, Father, may I sit up there?" cried David, pointing to a cannon which stood at the corner of the grandstand. Mr. Newton helped David up on the cannon, while he and Joe stood below, wedged in the ever-increasing crowd.

Soon they heard bands playing and saw the procession coming along the road from Gettysburg.

"Here they come!" cried David. "I can see the President's hat."

The President was indeed approaching, preceded by Army and Navy officers and followed by bands, soldiers, important men in carriages, and other marchers. He was riding a small horse, and his feet almost touched the ground. He was dressed in black and wore his famous high silk "stovepipe" hat. The sorrow of three terrible years of civil war was written upon his face.

"They say Mr. Everett is late," remarked Mr. Newton. "He is the orator who is to make the principal address." By this time a lane had been opened in the throng, and the President and his escort passed through it and took their places on the platform.

From his perch David saw everything, and once he thought Mr. Lincoln looked over and half smiled at him as he sat astride the cannon.

When Mr. Everett arrived the exercises began. For two hours the famous orator spoke, and though the boys grew tired they applauded loudly when he had finished.

Now a hush fell as the chairman rose and introduced "the President of the United States!" David saw the tall, black-clad figure rise, amid a roar of applause, and thought he had never seen such a tall man with such long arms.

The President waited for silence; then, in a clear voice which carried over the great audience, he began the beautiful words which everyone knows today: "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation."

The address was short, lasting barely three minutes, and the people, accustomed to the long speeches of that day, were apparently disappointed. As Mr. Lincoln sat down, David whispered to his father, "Why don't they clap? Didn't they like it?"

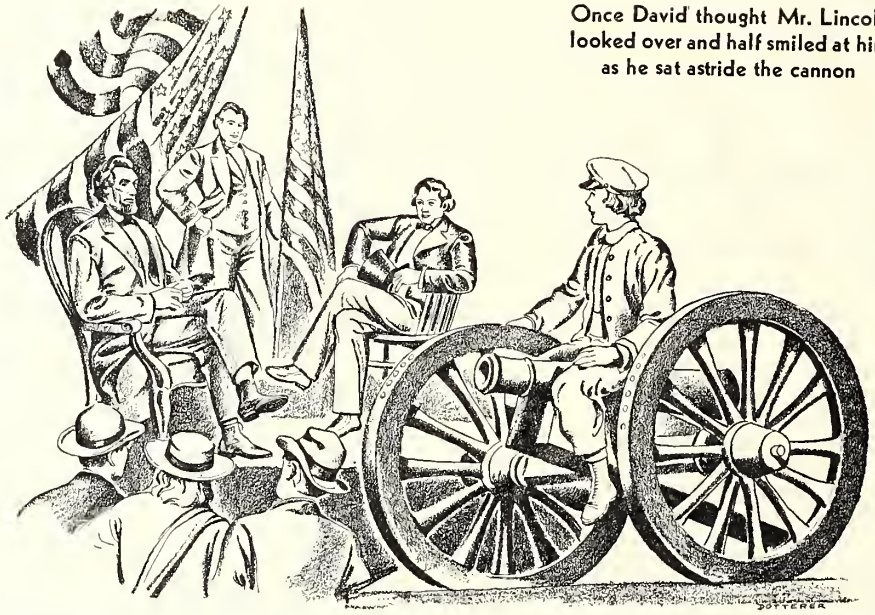
"I don't know," replied Mr. Newton. "It was very short."

By now a ripple of applause was heard, but, strange to say, the Gettysburg Address did not make a deep impression on the people who heard it. Only after its words had been printed in the papers, did the country realize that President Lincoln had made one of the world's great speeches.

That evening as they jogged home over South Mountain Joe said thoughtfully, "Father, I believe I shall always remember this day." "Same here," echoed David. And when the boys grew to be fathers and then grandfathers, they loved to tell about hearing President Lincoln deliver the Gettysburg Address.

Mr. Newton thanked the doctor, and started out with the boys to see the sights. A crowd of people surrounded the Wills house. They heard that Mr. Lincoln had just come out and had greeted the waiting throng.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Newton after they had walked until even David felt tired, "we've had a full day. Suppose we go back



Once David thought Mr. Lincoln looked over and half smiled at him as he sat astride the cannon

Young, Charles

Crumbled paper in hand

'How Are You, Abe?' He Recalls Talking to Lincoln at Gettysburg

Scene Still Crystal Clear in Mind of Charles Young.

"It seems as clear as if it happened yesterday," Charles Young, 86, veteran humane society officer, said Friday in recalling his meeting of Abraham Lincoln following the historic Gettysburg address on Nov. 19, 1863.

Although only 12 when Lincoln delivered his famous address, Young, on Lincoln's birthday, Friday gave a clear description of the event.

"My father was a great admirer of Lincoln and my five brothers, who were in the Potomac division of the union army, wrote letters home to mother telling how Lincoln visited the firing line, shook hands with the soldiers and gave them cheery greetings.

Impression.

"Hearing these stories made an impression on my mind and when it was reported that the president would be in Gettysburg, I resolved to see him. (The Young family lived on a farm three miles from Gettysburg, Penn.)

"I stood only a few feet from Lincoln and gazed into his face as he delivered his speech. As I remember it, he had a crumbled piece of paper in his hand. It is said that he wrote his speech on this paper while on his way from Washington. I remember distinctly his grave and solemn appearance as he stood and faced the audience.

"At the president's reception, which followed, I took my place in the line to meet Lincoln. I was barefooted and held a chipped hat on my breast. The line was passing rapidly with everybody bowing graciously to Lincoln.

"Old Abe."

"I looked up into his face, saying 'How are you, old Abe?'

"My approach and remark attracted his attention. He grasped me by the arm and with his other hand on my head, he said, 'God bless you, little fellow' and then passed me on in the line.

"I felt satisfied then that I had shaken the hand of Lincoln but as I grew older, I realized the contents of that brief but inspiring address."

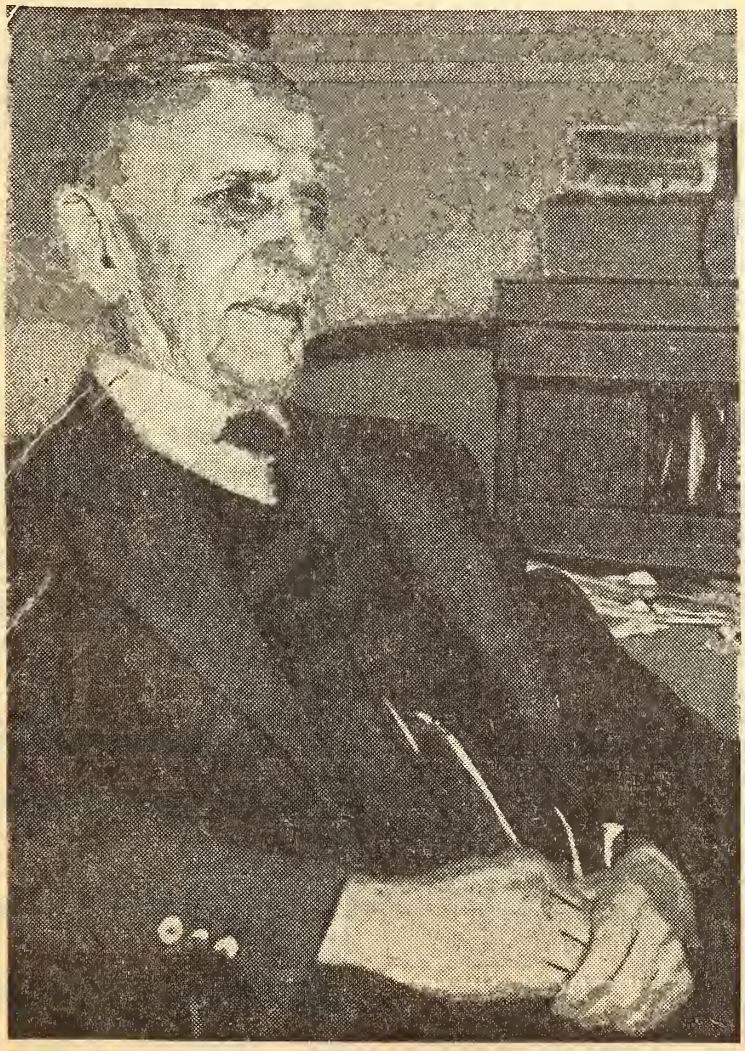
Reviled Then.

Young added that Lincoln, when he was president, was the most reviled man in the community. He said the section was strong for slavery.

Coming to Des Moines in 1874, Young was a juvenile court probation officer from 1907 to 1912, when he became secretary of the Iowa Human society.

Des Moines Tribune
2-12-37

DIFFERENT GREETING



CHARLES YOUNG.
Lincoln: God Bless You, Little Fellow.

Farquar, A. B.
Gettysburg

BY A. B. FARQUHAR.

NOT many are left who had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln. I have consented to write an account of an event, as I saw it, which is of peculiar interest to all Americans—the delivery of the Gettysburg address.

From earliest boyhood a hero worshiper, inclined always to let my imagination play about the persons and doings of men of accomplishment and power, Lincoln interested me intensely from the very moment of his first appearance upon the stage of national affairs. With the Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois we were made familiar through the reports in the public press, and though the logical force of Lincoln's arguments was most impressive, we were hardly prepared to recognize in him a possible future President of the United States. Upon his nomination and subsequent election my imagination fired me with the determination to know more of this man, who had apparently made so much out of the scanty opportunities which had been his. I was, of course, on hand in Washington to hear his first inaugural address, it being the first time I had ever seen him.

Then came the war, which added a new interest to the man upon whom devolved the tremendous responsibilities of guiding and preserving the Union. I read everything about the President that was published, saw him once or twice, but really did not come to know him until shortly after the battle of Gettysburg, when I had occasion to go to Washington to seek an interview, was kindly listened to, given some good advice and returned more than ever a Lincoln admirer.

* * * *

NATURALLY, when the first intimation was given by the papers that the President would go to Gettysburg to take part in the dedication ceremonies of the new national cemetery which had been established there in commemoration of the great battle (in which I myself had taken part, in helping to care for the wounded), it did not take me long to decide that I would be present. Arrangements were made in advance for the hire of a two-seated vehicle and at 4 o'clock on the morning of November 19, 1863, accompanied by my two brothers-in-law, I started for Gettysburg over the same road that is now known as the Lincoln highway. It was a mere dirt road, very rough, a goodly portion not macadamized at all, very different from the fine driveway it is now, and, while it took careful driving to prevent an upset, we were in no danger in those days from speeding automobiles. As it was, we came near upsetting several times in the darkness of that early November morning.

Reaching Gettysburg at about 7:30, we found the town already astir with residents and with visitors who had come on the same errand that brought us there. We put up the horses at a stable, got our breakfast, and prepared to find as favorable a place as we could to see the procession and hear the addresses. The presidential party had arrived the night before, the President's special train having left Washington at noon of Wednesday, the 18th. Three members of the cabinet—Mr. Seward, Secretary of State; Mr. Usher, Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Blair, Postmaster General—accompanied the President, as did the French minister, M. Mercier; the Italian minister, M. Bertinatti, and several legation secretaries and attaches. Mr. Lincoln also had with him his private secretaries, Mr. Nicolay and Maj. John Hay. Capt. H. A. Wise of the Navy and Mrs. Wise (who was the daughter of Edward Everett) were of the party, as also were a number of newspaper correspondents and a military guard of honor to take part in the Gettysburg procession.

The President stopped at the house of David Wills, a lawyer, who had been largely instrumental in the creation of a national cemetery on the battlefield. It was upon the invitation of Mr. Wills that the President had come. His letter of invitation read, in part:

"I am authorized by the governors of the different states to invite you to be present and to participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is desired that after the oration (which was to be delivered by Edward Everett) you, as chief executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

* * * *

OF THE writing of this address there are various accounts. The story that the President jotted down the speech on the back of an old envelope on the train to Gettysburg seems to have little basis in fact, although it is quite probable he pondered over it on the journey. It seems to be fairly well established that President Lincoln gave considerable thought to the preparation of the "appropriate remarks" which he had been asked to make. Mr. Nicolay states that on the morning of the 19th, after the breakfast hour, he went up to the room which Mr. Lincoln occupied in the house of Mr. Wills to report for duty, and remained with the President while he finished writing the Gettysburg address, during the short leisure he could utilize for the purpose before being called to take his place in the procession, which was announced on the program to start at 10 o'clock.

After having breakfasted and talked with acquaintances and friends whom we met, I walked around to the house of Mr. Wills in order to see the President come forth. As he came out I spoke to him; he recognized me and shook me by the hand before he mounted his horse to join the procession.

We then hastened up to the cemetery in order to obtain a favorable position close to the speakers, and I was fortunate in getting a place right at the edge of the speakers' stand. The cemetery then was just a bare hillside with but few trees on it, and at that time very few monuments of any kind had been erected, but the graves of the soldiers had been marked with the names as far as they could be known. The majority were unknown, of course, and a good many of the soldiers were yet buried on the field where they had fallen.

It was about 11 o'clock when the presidential party reached the platform, but Mr. Everett, the orator of the day, was fully half an hour late, and it was nearly noon before he began his address. Mr. Everett had an engaging personality, an intellectual and refined face and an attractive appearance, and his address, which he partly read from the manuscript which he held in his hand, was eloquent, but it was too long—probably an hour and a half in length.

The art of oratory was much more extensively practiced then than it is in this day, and Mr. Everett was one of the foremost orators of the time, but the audience was weary before he had finished. I was anxious for him to conclude in order that we might hear the President. I observed Mr. Lincoln closely. He listened attentively to Mr. Everett's speech, but it appeared to me that it began to weary him, and his face assumed an expression of care and sadness, his mind evidently being preoccupied with anxious thoughts.

* * * *

A SMALL rustic platform had been erected for the speakers, the site of which is now occupied by the monument upon which are engraved the immortal words which were there spoken. At the conclusion of Everett's address the President slowly rose, stepped forward, and in a strong voice, occasionally glancing at a paper which he held in his hand, spoke the following words:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they did here. It is rather for us, the living, to be here dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

These, as I remember them—and I have always had an exceedingly good word memory—were the exact words used by Lincoln, though the newspaper reports varied slightly from the text as here given. [The version revised by Lincoln himself also varies from this of Mr. Farquhar's.]

* * * *

THERE was some applause during the delivery of the address, but less at its conclusion than one would have expected. I can only speak for myself when I say that I was too deeply impressed—as though I had listened to a great sermon—to join in the applause. I fancy many felt the same way. One had the feeling that it was, in fact, a solemn dedication to the unfinished work which would lead whither the the mtmey the that though the way might be long and hard, yet, under the inspired leadership of Abraham Lincoln, there could be but one outcome, the successful conclusion of the war and a reunited nation.

The President's countenance, which had become animated during the delivery of the address, resumed its look of sadness, as though he were disappointed at the reception of his words. It is undoubtedly true that his hearers did not appreciate it until they had a chance to read the address and ponder its meaning.

A newspaper in the neighboring city of Harrisburg failed to publish the President's address, remarking that he had not risen to the occasion, had made a few rambling remarks—and even the New York Tribune, either through accident or design, omitted it from its account of the dedication. Mr. Greeley, whom I afterward met at an agricultural fair at Elkton, Md., and to whom I showed the Westminster Review article, nodded his head and admitted that the Tribune had not grasped the significance of the speech.

(Copyright, 1921.)

Jacob + Lydia

Jacob in Gettysburg

59

A NEW STORY OF LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

YDIA," said good old Jacob of Ephrata, "let's go over to Gettysburg and hear Mr. Everett at the dedication of the battle-ground for a cemetery, day after to-morrow. We'll go to-morrow so as to be there bright and early the next day, in time to get a good place to see and hear all that's going on."

It was a long drive from Ephrata to Gettysburg, but to hear Edward Everett's oration would be the privilege of a lifetime. Early in the morning of the 19th of November, 1863, Jacob and Lydia took their places near the front of the special platform erected on the great battle-field.

There was a long, wearying delay. The sun shone unusually warm for November. At last the little procession arrived. President Lincoln was there with an escort from Washington, for he had been invited, as a matter of form, to make a few perfunctory remarks at the close of the exercises. Edward Everett, for whose convenience the date had been postponed about a month, did not arrive on the field until after the hour set for him to begin his address. There were diplomats and other dignitaries. Jacob pointed out Secretary Seward, who, he thought, should have been made President instead of Mr. Lincoln.

Lydia felt as if she could not stand there much longer, though the crowd was so dense she could not fall. Everything began to turn black, and she grew dizzy and weak; she felt herself going—sinking! There was confusion, crowding, and a man called out:

"A woman has fainted!"

In all their official foresight no provision had been made for a fainting woman. The crowd pressed tighter. She heard a voice out of the vague spaces above the chaos around her, commanding:

"Here, hand that woman to me."

Lydia felt strong yet gentle hands lifting her, it seemed, out of all her troubles—then she lost herself.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

When she came to herself again she was sitting on that high platform in Mr. Lincoln's easy chair with thousands of eyes upon her, and who should be sitting by, fanning her tenderly, but the President of the United States! All this was more than modest Lydia could bear. She gasped, hoarsely:

"I—feel—better now. I want—to go—back."

"O, no, madam," said Mr. Lincoln cheerily, "you stay right where you are. It was hard enough to pull you out of there, and we couldn't stick you back into that crowd again."

So this is why, in some old pictures of Abraham Lincoln delivering his immortal address at Gettysburg, a little, shrinking old lady in plain garb—not Lucretia Mott, but humble Lydia of Ephrata—is shown sitting near him. During that long two hours, while Everett was delivering his brilliant and scholarly oration, poor Lydia could not forget her embarrassing position. But she forgot herself and everything save the speaker and his wonderful words when her gallant attendant began his brief address.

On their way home next day, Jacob, after a long silence, remarked:

"Mr. Everett's oration was grand, wasn't it? But, do you know, Lydia, that little speech of 'Father Abraham's' was the best of all; yes, I think it was the best *we* ever heard."

Written from the account given by Lydia herself to Dr. Joseph S. Walton, George School, Pennsylvania.

Gordon, D. R

70

HE HEARD LINCOLN'S ADDRESS.

D. R. Gordon of Abilene, Kas., Recalls Gettysburg Ceremony.

(By The Star's Correspondent.) 1925

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Gordon of Abilene, Kas., who have been visiting in Washington, were being shown the Lincoln Memorial by Representative James G. Strong of Kansas the other day. Mr. Gordon, a Civil War veteran, stood with head uncovered before the heroic statue of Lincoln and reverently read the famous Gettysburg address.

"I stood within twenty-five feet of Abraham Lincoln when that address was delivered," the Kansas veteran commented.

Today Representative Strong persuaded Mr. Gordon to tell the story of the historic meeting to a group of Kansans.

"I was a member of the 126th Pennsylvania volunteers," the veteran related, "and was on duty at Gettysburg at the time the battlefield was dedicated by President Lincoln and a group of notables. I believe the thing I remember most distinctly was that Lincoln's address made no particular apparent impression upon the gathering who heard him. There was no applause and no special comment. We didn't realize we had heard a piece of oratory that would live into the ages. Edward Everett Hale, who delivered the main address, talked an awfully long time. It was supposed to have been the feature of the day and was really a fine speech. But I know many of us wished he would get through."

Mr. Gordon commenting on how closely Presidents are guarded today by secret service men, remarked little protection was thrown around Lincoln hen, even in war time. Anybody who vanted to crowded up around the speakrs' stand without surveillance.

"There were lots of rebels in those arts, too," he added.

Quimby, Jennie Wills

daughter of Judge Wills 71

71

Woman Recalls Meeting Lincoln On Eve of Address at Gettysburg

Emancipator, Guest of Her Father, Left Dinner Table to Transcribe Famous Speech; 12 Memorial Songs Here Traced

While the Nation tomorrow honors the memory of Abraham Lincoln, a bright memory of the Great Emancipator lingers in the heart of the woman whose father entertained Lincoln the night before the famous Gettysburg address.

According to Mrs. Jennie Wills Quimby, of 215 South 53d street, daughter of Judge David Wills, of Gettysburg, the Gettysburg address was written in the guest room of her father's house upon the eve of the ceremony which dedicated the great burial ground of the Civil War.

Rewrote Address

Mrs. Quimby recalls how at the close of the family dinner, at which Mr. Lincoln was a guest, the President excused himself, went next door where Secretary Seward was stopping for the night and returned shortly with the explanation that he must complete his address for the next day. He retired to the guest bedroom and there rewrote from a rough draft the words which have become a classic of the English language.

Although the old Wills' homestead still stands, it is no longer the stately mansion of sixty-eight years ago. Most of the family have passed away, leaving only Mrs. Quimby and her three daughters. A few photographs, a yellowed newspaper and memories are all that remain of that evening spent by a President with the family of Judge Wills.

The furniture of the guest bedroom, with the huge four-poster rosewood bed and the heavy dresser which Abraham Lincoln used that night, are now in the home of Mrs. Harold Walker, at 630 South Conestoga street. Mrs. Walker is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Quimby.

Of interest to Philadelphians on the day before the birthday of Lincoln is the fact that many of the memorial songs written at the time of his death were published in this city and twelve copies of the comparatively few publications which are known today are in the possession of William T. Middleberg, of 15 North 59th street, a collector of early American music.

In an era when songs and music were written in accord with political and current events, no other one happening brought such a number of musical compositions, with a single dedication, as did the tragic death of Lincoln, according to Mr. Middleberg.

Memorial Songs Exhibited

In the Library of Congress at Washington about half a dozen of these memorial songs are on exhibition under glass cases. Twelve more are carefully kept by the Philadelphia collector.

The cover of each is heavily outlined in the black of mourning and the titles and verses bear witness to the fact that a nation mourned the loss of a beloved leader.

One song, "The Nation in Tears," was well known and often sung sixty-five years ago. While yet another, "Rest, Noble Chieftain," was written by C. Archer and published by Lee & Walker, 722 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"Rest noble chieftain, sweet be thy sleep,
And over thy grave a nation shall weep—
Thy voice may be mute and palsied thy hand
But thy spirit still lives in the heart of the land,"

goes the first verse, while the others follow with a similar theme and expression of love and sorrow of a country for its emancipator.

Other songs of the same time which are in Mr. Middleberg's collection were written and published by Sep Winner, of 933 Spring Garden street; W. R. Smith, of 135 North 8th street, and William A. Pond & Co., of New York.

Phila. Pa., Eve. Public Ledger

Rathvon, Wm. R.

72

Lincoln at Gettysburg—A Reminiscence

By William R. Rathvon
Member of The Christian Science Board of Directors

When Mr. Lincoln delivered his memorable address at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, on Nov. 19, 1863, I stood within fifteen feet of the rough board platform upon which he stood and looked up into his face as he spoke. It was an occasion of note for the State of Pennsylvania, whose war Governor, Andrew G. Curtin, with the co-operation of his Legislature, purchased the ground for the site of the cemetery and invited the governors of seventeen states to join in the title.

My home was then in Lancaster, about fifty miles distant from Gettysburg, where my grandparents were old-time residents. As it was known that the President would speak, my parents decided to go, and with boyish eagerness I begged to be taken along that I, too, might see and hear "Old Abe," as we youngsters affectionately called him. I pleaded the more earnestly, because at the time of the three days' battle I was kept at home, much against my will, for I could hear the cannonading, and boylike, I wanted to get close enough to see what was going on, or at least to smell gunpowder. But my youthful energies were suppressed, and I was told to go back and sit down, as it were.

However, not long afterward, on my summer vacation I was roaming over the battlefield, gouging bullets out of shattered trees, and loading myself down with various relics of the battle. I have none of these left; but I recall one of a most unusual nature that I would give much to possess now, because of its ethical significance. It was a lump of lead, the size and shape of an ordinary mushroom, being made by two musket balls coming from opposite directions, and meeting squarely with equal force in mid-air, falling to the ground harmless, united and inseparable. As one came from the ranks of the Confederates, the other from the Federals, both were sent with deadly intent, but were welded into one and so always will remain. There could be no better exemplification of how sectional hatred between North and South would, with the lapse of years, be united by brotherly love into one great nation which "shall not perish from the earth."

At the time of the dedication my importunity was rewarded, and my parents consented to my going with them to Gettysburg. We arrived several days before the event and found the little town astir over the coming of the President and the accompanying dignitaries and officials of the army and navy.

President Lincoln with his party arrived in the afternoon of November 18, and as he was to be the guest of Judge David Wills, whose residence was just around the corner from my grandfather's home, I made the most of my opportunity to be on the spot when the President should appear. During the evening a welcoming crowd gathered around the Wills home, where a band serenaded him and a group of young women sang, "We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong," a war song of the period. As the sisters and mothers of some of my companions were among the singers, we felt privileged to join in, for every one of us knew that song, better, indeed, than we knew the doxology or the "Star-Spangled Banner." We were eager for a glimpse of the President, and finally, as if to reward our persistence, his tall form appeared in the doorway, and an expectant hush fell over the crowd. But he silently withdrew and went back to his room to prepare for the events of the following day.

Bright and early next morning I was on the street, eagerly watching every move of the military and of those who had charge of forming the procession to escort the President to the new cemetery, which was ultimately to contain more than 30,000 graves of those who fell fighting for the unity of the Nation. It was a beautiful sunshiny day, and the procession was an impressive sight even to a youngster like myself, as it wound its way along the main street of the town. A mounted military band preceded the President, who was on horseback, accompanied in carriages by three members of his Cabinet, several representatives of foreign governments, governors of states, and others of prominence. They were headed by a column of battle-stained veterans of the war, marching as men only can march who have faced a valiant foe in mortal combat, and who knew the price of victory. Compared to our trim khaki-clad boys of today, those soldiers would now be regarded as an odd-looking lot, with their blue uniforms, heavy beards, and muzzle-loading muskets; but their hearts burned with loyalty to their flag and country.

The one feature in that parade that stands out most vividly in my recollection is the unique figure of our immortal President, Abraham Lincoln. He was mounted on a horse hardly high enough for him, but the best that was then available, as saddle horses were not numerous in war-time Pennsylvania. He wore a long frock coat, the tails of which hung down, it seemed to me, almost to the ground, yet there was nothing ridiculous or quixotic in his appearance. The dignified solemnity that was characteristic of him when engaged in any serious undertaking dissociated him wholly from any suggestion of the grotesque or ludicrous.

The contrast between his somber black and the gold lace and trappings of the officers who surrounded him was typical of the difference between his duties and theirs. Mr. Lincoln's place on the official program was headed, "Dedicatory Remarks by the President of the United States."

The oration of Edward Everett, a distinguished orator, scholar and statesman of Massachusetts, which preceded the address of Mr. Lincoln, was the subject of much com-

ment. It was a masterly effort, ornate, grandiloquent, but inexcusably long. In fact, it covered twenty-seven and one-half pages of the official report made by the State, while Mr. Lincoln's address filled but half a page. Being but a schoolboy, I was not particularly interested in what Mr. Everett said, and after the first half hour I edged my way out of the crowd to where I could wander about at will, until the prolonged applause that marked the close of his speech warned me to get back near the platform if I wanted to see and hear the President.

As might be expected, I was less interested in what the President had to say than I was by his appearance, his manner, his voice. Their homeliness, earnestness, and sincerity impressed me then, and have been with me throughout the succeeding years. As he concluded, I did my bit in the brief applause that followed, which was mild indeed compared to that which greeted Mr. Everett's oration, and at the time I wondered a little why it was so. That the President himself was depressed over the seemingly indifferent effect of his words is no doubt a fact. Mr. Everett noticed it and said to him in the presence of the president of Pennsylvania College, Dr. Baugher: "Mr. Lincoln, I spent much time and painstaking effort on my speech of an hour or more, but yours of a few minutes will live, while mine will be forgotten." If this needed any confirmation it is to be found in a letter from Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Everett, written the day following on his return to Washington, in which the President says:

> "In our respective parts yesterday you could not have been excused to make a short address, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that in your judgment the little I did say was not entirely a failure."

* * *

A widely circulated and generally believed story that the President wrote his Gettysburg address on a scrap of paper while on the train from Washington to Gettysburg does not seem credible in view of a statement of Judge Wills, at whose house Mr. Lincoln stayed while in Gettysburg. Mr. Wills in his statement says in part:

> Between 9 and 10 o'clock the President sent his servant to request me to come to his room. I went and found him with paper prepared to write, and he said that he had just seated himself to put upon paper a few thoughts for tomorrow's exercises, and had sent for me to ascertain what part he was to take in them, and what was expected of him. After a full talk on the subject I left him. . . . The next day I sat by him on the platform when he delivered his address, which has become immortal, and he read it from the same paper on which I had seen him writing it the night before. He afterward made a copy of it, of which I have a facsimile, and have had a photograph of it taken. There are but two or three changes in this copy from that as taken by the stenographers on the day it was read from the platform.
>
> (Signed) DAVID WILLS.

One's vocabulary might well be stripped of its adjectives in the endeavor to do justice to this brief speech, which, it is said, has been translated into the language of every civilized country, and which is as follows:

> Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.
>
> Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
>
> But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The wide field of panegyrics might well be exhausted in an effort to find an adequate word of tribute to Abraham Lincoln, the illustrious. Perhaps none is more fitting than that of Phillips Brooks, who said in part:

> He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable; how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed all his people from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us with a reverence and genuine religion. He spread before us the love and fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most, and out of his faithful service of a higher Master, who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong? "He fed them with a faithful and true heart," yea till the last. For at the last, behold him standing with hands reached out to feed the South with mercy and the North with charity, and the whole land with peace.

Rathvon, Wm. R. Curzon 73 3

I Heard Lincoln That Day at Gettysburg

By William R. Rathvon

Excerpts from a radio address over Station WIXAL

BECAUSE as a schoolboy I was in the little town of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania some seventy-five years ago, I am privileged to tell you today what I then heard and saw, when Abraham Lincoln delivered his address at the dedication of the National Cemetery, an event that will live in the hearts of men so long as brotherly love, forgiveness, faith and compassion shall endure.

From my childhood the word "Gettysburg" was as familiar to me as that of my own home town, Lancaster, some forty miles away. As a boy my summer vacations were spent there, and in July, 1863, shortly after the battle, I wandered over the battlefield with two other lads gathering gruesome mementos of the fearful three days' carnage. When it was known that on a certain day in November, four months after the battle, President Lincoln, "Old Abe" as we boys affectionately called him, was to be in Gettysburg, I was excused from school and accompanied my family, at least to see the President and perhaps to hear what he had to say.

He arrived from Washington the day before the dedication, and was entertained at the home of Judge David Wills, a leading citizen, and neighbor of my grandparents. In the evening, with a number of my cronies, I helped swell the crowd that gathered on the sidewalk and street in front of Judge Wills' home, hoping the President might appear. But we only got a glimpse of his familiar figure.

Bright and early the next morning I was in the center square of the town where the procession was to form for Cemetery Hill, where the speaking was to take place. At the head of the procession, preceded by a mounted military band, the first I had ever seen, rode the President. He was mounted on a gray horse of medium size which accentuated his unusual height, his long legs reaching too near the ground for either grace or good horsemanship.

After the long, eloquent oration of the Honorable Edward Everett of Massachusetts, conceded to be the most finished orator of his day, Lincoln arose and with a manner serious almost to sadness gave his brief address that rang from the hills of Gettysburg around the world and back many times and will ever continue to reverberate in the hearts and minds of all mankind.

During its delivery, with one or two other lads I had worked my way under the platform and twisted through the crowd in front until I stood within fifteen feet of Mr. Lincoln, and looked up into his serious face. I joined heartily in the applause that followed, which was less pronounced than that given Mr. Everett's address which was sparkling in its eloquence and touching in its appeal.

Although I listened intently to every word the President uttered and heard it clearly, boylike I could not recall any of it afterwards.

With the lapse of time the appreciation of President Lincoln's address has increased among other than his own countrymen. Fifty years after I as a schoolboy in Gettysburg heard each word of it as it dropped from his lips, Lord Curzon, an eminent Englishman, Earl of Kedleston, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, delivered before the University of Cambridge an address on modern parliamentary eloquence. In the course of his remarks he referred to what he considered the three supreme masterpieces of English eloquence—"The Toast of William Pitt After the Victory at Trafalgar," and two of Lincoln's speeches: the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural. In speaking of this address he said, "The Gettysburg Address is far more than a pleasing piece of English composition. It is a pure well of English undefiled. It sets one to inquiring, with nothing short of wonder, 'How knoweth this man letters having never learned?'" The more closely the address is analyzed the more must one confess astonishment at its choice of words, the precision of thought, its simplicity, directness and effectiveness."

In view of what is happening in some countries today by way of governmental suppression and interference with established religion, it is interesting to note Lincoln's views when asked to regulate the patriotic zeal of some of the churches in his time. He said on January 2, 1863, "The United States Government must not, as by this order, undertake to run the churches. When an individual in church, or out of it, becomes dangerous to the public interest, he must be checked; but let the churches, as such, take care of it themselves. It will not do for the United States to appoint trustees, supervisors, or other agents for the churches."

Mr. Lincoln was not a churchman, but he was a Christian in the truest sense of the word. His religion has from the first been the subject of controversy. We know that he implicitly believed in God's infinite goodness, power, and love and that he sought on his knees divine guidance in every crisis or emergency; that he had great respect for organized religion though he made a clear distinction between churchianity and Christianity. It has never been denied that he was a student of the Bible from his childhood and humbly and reverently believed in its teachings. Although he never joined a church, he once said, "Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar as a qualification for membership the Savior's statement of the substance of the law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and soul."

When in the early morning of April 14, 1865, the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination was flashed from ocean to ocean, it was heard by a nation bowed in grief. Among the countless expressions of loss that were then uttered perhaps none was more heartfelt than the words of our own poet, James Russell Lowell, who wrote: "Never before that startled April morning did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if with him a friendly presence had been taken away from their lives, leaving them colder and darker." All of which recorded my own feelings even when a lad, so let me here add to the words of Mr. Lowell a reminder to the youth of every nation. You may search pages of modern history from end to end and can find no nobler example of unselfish devotion to duty, of courageous citizenship and of steadfast adherence to Principle, than in the life of Abraham Lincoln—a life that will never die but which will go on and on forever.

Sprengle. John A. no applause Dutch Horse 74 74

RECALLS TIME LINCOLN SPOKE

MEMORY OF RAIL-SPLITTER AT GETTYSBURG FRESH WITH JOHN SPRENKLE

Miss Marguerite DeLong, head nurse at Lawrence hospital, who returned recently from a two week's vacation, spent a day with her uncle John A. Sprengle, of New Cumberland, Pa., one of the few men now living who heard Lincoln deliver his famous Gettysburg address.

Mr. Sprenkle is now 82 years of age. He was 16 when he arose with his father at 2 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 19, 1863 to make the pourney to Gettysburg. His first glimpse of Lincoln was on a squat, fat steed known as a "Dutch horse" which the committee had provided him. His feet almost touched the ground and there was a delay in the proceedings until a larger horse was secured. He then rode at the head of a parade to the battlefield.

"I could have reached up and touched Lincoln't feet," Sprenkle told his niece, "I was that close to the platform from which he spoke." He recalled the monotony of Edward Everett's two-hour speech which preceded the president's.

"Finally Everett concluded" Sprenkle said "and Abraham Lincoln stepped to the front of the platform. Before or since I never saw a sadder face. Even as a boy of 16 it made an indelible impression upon me. He seemed to be bearing the grief of all who had suffered in the war. He folded his large hands and began speaking in a conversational tone of voice. Only one in a hundred heard him. As he spoke he gazed at the ground. You could have heard a pin drop. And right here I want to deny the statements of a number of historians. There was no applause during Lincoln's Gettysburg address. It was a solemn occasion. The grief-stricken man was dedicating as a final resting place a portion of the great battlefield. When he had finished the large crowd dispersed quietly."

Cambridge, O. Jeffersonian
AUG. 5, 1929

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SULLIVAN. AMOS G. 75.16
adjusts spectacles
[illegible] paper
[illegible]

Thinks Lincoln Revised Speech At Gettysburg

Man Who Heard Talk Doesn't Recall Words 'Under God' as Part

One of the few men living today who witnessed the Battle of Gettysburg and heard President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is in business in Brooklyn and resides at Farmingdale, L. I. He is Amos G. Sullivan, who, though in his 84th year, actively conducts a real estate and law book enterprise at 375 Fulton Street.

Mr. Sullivan will tell of his Civil War experiences this afternoon at services in the Farmingdale Agricultural School.

The real depth of the famous Gettysburg Address, delivered on Nov. 19, 1863, by President Lincoln, whose birthday is being nationally observed today, was completely overlooked by the 10,000 persons who heard it and its profound significance was not understood until it wa sstudied in subsequent years with other utterances of the martyr President, Mr. Sullivan is convinced. In fact, he says the address did not register at all with the audience that had come out to witness the dedication of the National Soldiers Cemetery and deliverance of the speech was followed by an embarrassing silence.

Believes Speech Revised

"It was the first and last time I ever saw the President," Mr. Sullivan told an Eagle reporter yesterday. "I got out to the field very early, so as not to miss anything, and I was in a good position to see and hear the President. I stared at him for the two and a half hours the dedication ceremonies required and I carried away a lasting impression of him.

"I beleive that President Lincoln revised his address after he returned to Washnigton. It is a long time to trust one's memory, but my recollection of the speech is that it did not have the words 'under God' in the part which says 'that this Nation shall have a new birth,' and published reports at the time support my belief."

When President Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg Address he had in mind, Mr. Sullivan is convinced, the freedom of all mankind.

"He was opposed not only to chattel slavery, but to involuntary servitude of all kinds," Mr. Sullivan said. "Were he alive today he would oppose the peonage system that prevails in some parts of the South and to labor conditions as they exist in other parts of the country."

In an article published in [illegible]lyn Central, magazine of [illegible] Branch, Y. M. C. A., Mr. Sul[illegible] recalls his participation in the Battle of Gettysburg.

Guided Troops at Battle

"Just before the Battle of Gettysburg," he writes, "I acted as a guide to some Union troops. I knew the country back of Gettysburg very well, having lived there all my life. As a boy of 17 I acted as guide for Cregg's cavalry from New Windsor, Md., to the Union Mills Road. I put the riders on the direct route to Gettysburg.

"It now seems this was a crucial point in determining the victory for the Army of the Potomac, for had the cavalry not been there at the proper moment the left wing of Lee's army would certainly have turned the right side of the Union Army and defeated it.

"This was made almost certain because John Stuart's cavalry had been detached from the Army of Virginia and detoured around the Army of the Potomac, arriving in Gettysburg on the morning of July 3. With Cregg's cavalry on hand Johnson's division of Ewell's corps was driven back in defeat. There was nothing left for General Lee but to attack the Union center side. Pickett's charge, an immortal dash, then came about."

Mr. Sullivan recalls that officers of General Cregg's staff asked him to show them the way through the wooded country and the shortest route to a certain spot in Gettysburg. He was put at the head of the column and commanded to lead the way. He did not then understand the importance of the events that were about to take place.

Cheers for Hancock

Mr. Sullivan learned of the fighting at Gettysburg from his father and became fired with an ambition to witness the battle. He recalls that he spent July 2 watching the 6th Army Corps passing and the next day, with his father, he set out for Gettysburg. He reports that he penetrated inside the lines early on July 3 and remained on the side of the Tanney Town road about a half mile from General Mead's headquarters.

Because of the danger of rebel shots, he forsook the road and went around to the Baltimore Pike. He arrived at the rear just as General Hancock of the Union Army was being carried back to the field hospital.

"He informed us that victory was ours, for which we gave him three rousing cheers," Mr. Sullivan said.

The dais from which President Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg address was merely a rough platform like that used for camp meetings, Mr. Sullivan recalls. The day, he said, was clear and not very warm.

"When President Lincoln arose I saw a great tall man who took a long time to rise up from a not very ornate haircloth rocker in which he sat," Mr. Sullivan writes. "I remember him rocking in his chair during the exercises.

Silence After Speech

"As he rose President Lincoln took a paper from his pocket, adjusted his steel-rimmed spectacles, looked over the paper, returned it to his pocket and then commenced his address in a loud and rather shrill voice. He had hardly commenced before he stopped suddenly. I thought he had been taken sick, for I had settled myself for a long address. The crowd, I think, felt the same as myself, for they said nothing and did nothing. He finally looked around and shook Mr. Everett's hand and I knew then that he had finished. The audience then gave only slight applause, not seeming to comprehend his far-reaching suggestions."

"My recollections of the talk on the drive home," Mr. Sullivan continues, "are to the effect that we all thought it a wonderful occasion but were not particularly impressed by the President's speech because it was so short. I, being a young boy, was more impressed with the great battle field, the battle scars of the places, the dead soldiers and the sad ceremonies at the Soldiers Cemetery."

Mr. Sullivan resides with his son, Norman F., who is in the real estate business in Farmingdale. Another son, George Percy, a construction engineer, lives at 48 Herkimer St. and a third son, Alva G., an investment banker, has his home in Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Sullivan, despite his years, enjoys good health and makes the trip daily from Farmingdale to Brooklyn. He was born in Carroll County, Md., in 1846. He moved to New York in 1869.

BROOKLYN N Y EAGLE
FEBRUARY 12, 1930

Sterling Gazette 2/16/38

HEARD LINCOLN GIVE ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Mrs. Margaret Eshelman Of Hooppole Is 84 Years Of Age Today

Mrs. Margaret Eshelman, 83, quietly celebrated her birthday in her home in Hooppole Wednesday, Feb. 16. Mrs. Eshelman is one of the few persons left who heard and saw Abraham Lincoln give his famous Gettysburg address Nov. 19, 1863. Although she was only eight years of age, she has a vivid recollection of the great statesman as she stood very near him on a plank seat, while he made his address.

MRS. MARGARET ESHELMAN

Mrs. Eshelman was born on a forty acre farm near Gettysburg, Pa., Feb. 16, 1855. In March, 1883, she came to Illinois and was married to John H. Eshelman of Princeton, a childhood playmate. Since that time Mrs. Eshelman has lived in this vicinity.

Mrs. Eshelman is very active for her age, taking care of her own housework, and in the summer takes care of her own garden. Mrs. Eshelman is a Gold Star Mother, her youngest son James was wounded October 27, 1918, in a field near Fleury, France, and died of the wounds suffered at a base hospital. She is a member of the Hooppole Zion Evangelical church, the Women's Missionary society and the Philathea Sunday school class of the same church.

Wednesday evening her children, grandchildren and great grandchild will quietly help her celebrate her birthday. Those present will be Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eshelman and son Donald; Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hahn and family of Prophetstown, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eshelman and family of Kewanee, Clarence Schultz of Galva, and Mr. and Mrs. George Eshelman nd family of Hooppole. All the people in Hooppole join in wishing Mrs. Eshelman a very happy birthday.

Sharp, Dr S. Z.

Baltimore Choir

78

RECALLS LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

FRUITA, Colo.—For 67 years, Dr. S. Z. Sharp, now 95 years of age, has held in his memory a vivid recollection of a tall awkward figure standing on a platform at Gettysburg, Pa., uttering those familiar words "Four score and seven years ago—."

Dr. Sharp, former minister and college president, stood 30 feet away as Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg address. He is one of the few men still alive who actually heard the original speech. His memory of the occasion, he says, is as vivid as though it happened yesterday.

"At the battlefield, which congress had voted to set aside as a national cemetery," Dr. Sharp said, "a platform about 50 feet long and 30 feet wide, was erected.

"On the west end of this platform were seated Lincoln and some of his cabinet, and Edward Everett, regarded then as one of the greatest orators in America.

"In the middle were seated the governors of 21 northern states. On the east end there was a choir of 12 singers from Baltimore. Around the platform there were standing aoout 30.000 persons. A little to the west was a detachment of the regular army, with its artillery."

It was in this setting that Dr. Sharp remembers the famous words being spoken. The ceremonies began, he said, with the salute of 21 guns. Everett then arose and spoke for an hour and a half, holding the audience spell-bound by the beauty of his oratory.

While Everett was speaking, Dr. Sharp, then 28 years old, was gradually working his way nearer to the platform. At last the oration closed and the president arose to speak.

"He held a piece of paper in his left hand, at which he glanced at times," Dr. Sharp related. "It is said he wrote his address on this paper on the train as he came from Washington. He spoke four minutes by my watch and sat down.

"There was no applause. There was a reason. A few rods from where he spoke there were buried the relatives of so many of his audience and he spoke so feelingly of the heroic dead that it had the effect of a funeral sermon and applause would not have been proper."

The figure of the president, six feet four inches tall in his stockinged feet, broad shouldered and black bearded was indelibly impressed on the listener's memory.

After serving as a teacher for 45 years, Dr. Sharp came to Fruita in 1902. He operates a fruit ranch near here.

THE EVENING POST: NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1909.

HER MEMORIES OF WAR DAYS

THEY ROSE VIVIDLY ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

A Recollection of the Gettysburg Speech and Funeral Procession, Following the Stirring Incidents of a Pennsylvania Family's Flight

"Dear, dear," said the sprightly matron, who would bave scorned any imputation of old age, and wbose white hair seemed merely tbe unusual setting for a remarkably youthful face, "can it be possible that it is not so far from the half-century mark since I stood one November day in the enormous crowd waiting almost breathless to hear President Lincoln make his great speech at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg? I begin to feel almost like a veteran myself, for there are not so many of us any more who can discuss civil war days from the standpoint of personal experience. Those who were babies then don't count, and those who were grown men and women are sadly few. So it is left for such of us as were well-grown boys and girls in our teens to preserve our own impressions to tell at first hand to those who care to hear the story."

Sbe had just returned from a Lincoln memorial service, a little hurt to think that the time had come when the sentiment of such an occasion was so largely dependent upon artificial stimulus, and she was full of the subject and her own reminiscences. So it was not a difficult matter to lead the conversation on to the war, and especially to such experiences as associated themselves with tbe life and death of Lincoln.

Sbe was one of a large family of sons and daugbters—her home had been on a farm in the Cumberland valley, in tbe heart of that debatable land, for wbich North and South both contended, union in sympatbies, but near enough to secession to feel a keener interest in Southern ideals than was common among Northerners, and harboring in the vicinity many who secretly hoped that Lee and his army might find no effectual barrier to their progress into the enemy's country. In tbe small market town, the county seat, nearby, it was said that two of the leading young lawyers were really secessionists, and much bitterness resulted, a bitterness kept under cover only because of lack of direct proof. Tbe two boys of the household were at college not far away, and the four sisters, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen, rode daily from tbe farm to the town to school.

WATCHING THE SOLDIERS PASS.

"What exciting days they were," said the narrator, her eyes sparkling as some of the old-time thrill came back. "Not one of us would have missed school on any account. Several times a week trains from the North, crossing the Susquehanna, not many miles distant, bore heavy loads of soldiers to Washington, there to be sent to the front, wbile others were made up of coach after coach of the discharged or convalescent, on their way home to anxious mothers and wives in New England and the West. Sometimes there would be a short wait at the station, and then how people would swarm, bringing hot coffee, sandwiches, fruit, pies, jars of applebutter, the "black spread" tbat the Southern soldiers later learned to love on their way to Gettysburg; pillows for the wounded, flowers, anything and everytbing that they could tbink of.

"Even if the trains didn't stop, you could always wave and cheer as they passed slowly through tbe main street of the town. Of course, we were always let out of school wben we knew such trains were coming, and to girls of our ages there was more than excitement, there was romance in the air. How well I remember the day Jane Foster met the man she afterward married! He was a rather sick cbap, just dismissed from the hospital at Washington. Jane, always a sentimental soul and more than usually daring, devoted all her attentions to him. Tbere wasn't one among us who didn't envy her, just because tbe whole affair had tbe proper story-book flavor."

"But in the lives of tbis family by far the most exciting event of the war was their flight from home on the advance of Lee's army. Rumors had been flying thick and fast for weeks tbat the Southern leaders were contemplating a daring sortie into Pennsylvania. The route by which tbey would come was fairly well defined, and tbe Cumberland valley knew itself marked for plunder if the attempt were successful. Chambersburg trembled, York feared the worst, and even the capital city across the river was by no means calm. At last came the very definite warning: 'Lee's army is on tbe march.'

"Tbat was a morning to be remembered, my dears," and the eager listeners thought of "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill," a favorite of tbeir childhood, and wondered if, after all, even Revolutionary days had been more thrilling than these of which the woman told. "Wben father learned that the news was genuine, he ordered us to pack up and leave at once for grandfather's home some hundred miles distant in Dauphin County. We hid everytbing possible tbat was of value, and then mother took us girls by train, while father and the hired men drove the horses and most of the cattle by slower stages up the valley and over the river.

IN FLIGHT FROM LEE.

"Once over the Susequehanna things weren't very much better, as far as fear was concerned. All along the southern bank of the river earthworks were tbrown up. Children pick flowers in the springtime now where once the militia and regulars expected to meet the advance guard of Lee's troops. How we girls hated to leave bebind us all the stir and the tbrill of martial doings, and hasten on to tbe quiet village some thirty miles further north! We weren't to see the farm again until after Gettysburg, when we knew the danger of invasion was safely past.

"There were disadvantages in being the youngest in the family in those days. Just a week after the fighting was over, after tbose terrible three days of uncertainty and horror, mother and father and my two older sisters drove over to Gettysburg for a view of the battlefield and a brief visit to an aunt who had remained in the town through all the trouble. Enough of the gruesome was left to erase even the memory of two days of devoted attention on the part of several seminary students and a number of young officers detailed to see to the wounded. How many times since then I have heard they talk of tbe effect upon them of the trampled fields of wheat, especially that of the terrible 'Bloody Angle; of the horror of the Devil's Den, where dead bodies still lay, despite the interval that had elapused; of a town turned into a great hospital, where people who had seen the gbastly result of the battle from start to finish went stricken with its cruelties. I have been glad that we two who stayed most unwillingly at home had been spared the memory. And yet it was a wonderful impression to have added to the other vivid pictures of a blood-stirring epoch."

To these girls, as to all Northern women, Lincoln was a hero, a commanding figure who dominated every move, every step in the unfolding of the drama, and, when the word came to that eager group in the Pennsylvania farmhouse that he was to be present at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg, on the 19th of November of that self-same year, preparations were made at once for a family exodus to the town so recently a battlefield.

"We left home the day before," went on the tide of narrative, "and it was well that father was so forehanded, for on the 19th itself the throngs were gigantic. Early in the day we started for the field, anxious to get positions near enough to the speakers to hear what tbey had to say.

"I wish I could recall all tbe events of the day, but the recollections of details of forty-six years since are not so sharp as I would tbey were. As I close my eyes tbere comes back the picture of a sea of faces, tense, eager, excited, men shouting, hurrahing, women laughing and crying hysterically, then breathless pauses when feeling went too deep for outward expression.

over

My sister almost fainted in the crush, and she was by no means the only one. And the speech itself? I fear I did not hear it all, hut I do remember the thin, rather high voice that occasionally made itself heard where we stood, and the long, stooping figure in hlack. I may or may not he right, hut I seem to see him wearing a gray and hlack shawl, such as men wore in those days, the very duplicate of one my father owned. And this is a part of the picture.

LINCOLN'S AUDIENCE AT GETTYSBURG.

"Cry? Of course I cried. Every word spoken was so real, so full of meaning. When there came to our ears the words, 'The hrave men, living or dead, who struggled here, have consecrated this ground far above our power to add or detract,' it meant all those ghastly days of fighting and dying. Just next me stood a neighhor of our own who had lost two hoys in the hattle, whose bodies were lying in this very spot. I can see her now. Not a tear did she shed. Tears were of the past. But her face shone as the high voice went on: 'The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but can never forget what they did here.' But I cried for her, as I can cry now when I think of it.

"Do you wonder that when the news came of the assassination of the President, it was to each of us as real a personal loss as that of a dear friend. No word of the murder came until the morning of April 16, the day after, when our nearest neighhor hrought the message on his return from market in the nearhy town. Every yard of hlack goods in the general store was hought hefore sundown, and at our house the window shades were drawn and the door hung with mourning.

"It was at this unfortunately critical juncture that the two young lawyers long suspected of being Southern sympathizers chose to come out into the open. Their office alone, of all the houses in the market town, was without a mourning badge, and the elder and more daring ventured to declare at the post office that he guessed the country could get along fairly well without 'old Ahe,' and that as for Booth, he had the courage of his convictions. Of this we girls on the farm knew nothing until that evening, when two hadly frightened young men dashed headlong in upon the family at supper. They had been warned by a mob that had surrounded their office earlier in the afternoon that they had better leave at once, and failing to comply with the request as promptly as the crowd thought wise, they had heen pretty roughly handled hy some of the more violent, and had finally made their escape, although they feared pursuit.

"My sister was the heroine of that occasion, as father refused to notice the young men, after hearing the cause of the difficulty. It was surely an unfortunate time to speak ill of the dead President. Not half an hour later she had tucked the two hadly frightened young hotheads into the dim recesses of the garret, hehind mother's hags of rag-carpet halls and goose feathers, while father helow, a man of peace always, and an influential memher of the community, dispersed the rabhle who had tracked the men to our door. For two days we kept them there, until the furore had died down, and then Ellen herself drove them to a small junction, not far distant, to catch a train for Baltimore. Oh, yes, there were occasionally small parts for women to fill in the civil war drama."

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Just once more the woman whose girlhood had heen within touching distance of a nation's struggle had seen the great President. The procession that carried the honored hody in slowly dignified stages hack to the Illinois home, and its final resting place, passed again on its way North, through the Cumherland Valley, to New York, stopping occasionally that sorrowing crowds might pay their last trihute. One of these stops was in Pennsylvania's Capitol, where the hody lay in state in the rotunda of the old colonial State House.

"They've huilt a bigger, and presumahly a grander, huilding in place of the old red hrick structure that's gone," went on the quiet voice, "and in the present dome there are splendid mural decorations and ornate trimmings. But I lament the passing of the old Capitol, for it was there that the family again made a pious pilgrimage to look on the face of the one who was in a very real sense the nation's martyred chief. Nowadays such a phrase has grown hackneyed in the service of the Fourth of July or the campaign orator. Then it meant more than we had words to utter."

"Dressed in deepest black we followed father into the train that was to carry us to the city. It was a wonderful spring day, for the season was forward that year. Apple blossoms were near at hand, fields were green, and the rolling hills sloping to the shining river were never lovelier. It was hard to he sad when one was nearly fifteen, and spring was in the air. But in the Capital Park, the hush of sorrow, of real personal loss, was everywhere evident.

"I remember clutching my younger sister's hand as we followed mother and father, feeling the need of human comfort in this sorrow I could but half appreciate. Then I smelled wet grass in the dusk, saw the occasional gleam of light on the bayonets of soldiers who stood at attention along the path, heard a hriefly uttered word of command, and up the long flight of stone steps hetween the massive white pillars we walked, and into the space and the curiously muffled silence of the rotunda. The rest is a blur. I asw a long hlack figure and a white, drawn face, and then, my sight dimmed with tears, I faltered by, listening to the sohhing of a woman near me and the steady tramp, tramp of feet on the stone floor."

Remensnyder

Lincoln's Delivery of the Gettysburg Address As It Impressed This School Boy Spectator

BY THE REV. J. B. REMENSNYDER.

As the battle of Gettysburg had been fought upon Union soil, and as its issue was generally looked upon as an epoch-making stage of the war, forecasting final victory for the Union, the idea was conceived of making Cemetery Hill, one of the strategic points in the battle, a national burial ground. This was of especial interest to Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, where I was a student in 1863, because the battle had raged practically all around us, and we had searched the field after the fight to do what we could for wounded or dead.

Gov. Curtis of Pennsylvania who originated the plan, appointed Judge Wills, of Gettysburg, a special agent to purchase the necessary land. The first cost, including a monument, was $63,500, and the date set for the consecration was November 19, 1863, in response to the suggestion of Edward Everett, who had been invited by the governors of the several States to be the orator of the occasion.

It appears that no formal address from President Lincoln had been asked for, Mr. Everett being considered the most cultured eloquent speaker of the times. It was a popular saying that the mantle of Daniel Webster had fallen on his shoulders. It occurred to Judge Wills and to others who were conducting the ceremony fitting to have President Lincoln present to deliver a short address after the oration and formally dedicate the cemetery.

So, in his letter of invitation, Judge Wills wrote:

"It is the desire that after the oration, you, as chief executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks. It will be a source of great gratification to the many widows and orphans who have been left amost friendless by the great battle to have you here personally, and it will kindle anew in the breasts of the comrades of these brave dead who are now in the tented field or bravely meeting the foe at the front, a confidence that they who sleep in death on the battlefield are not forgotten by those high in authority, and they will feel that should their fate be the same their remains will not be uncared for. We hope that you will be able to be present to perform this last solemn act to the soldier dead on this battlefield."

The President Arrives at Gettysburg.

President Lincoln accepted the invitation, and left Washington on November 18, 1863, for Gettysburg. With Gov. Curtin, Secretary Seward, and Edward Everett, he went to Judge Wills' house as his guest. The house faced the central square of the town, and when the students learned where the President was staying the square was thronged and made painfully vocal with college cries. But the students were determined to see the President and have a speech for themselves. Loud and long continued calls brought no response. At last, when our patience was almost exhausted, the President, who had been at dinner, which our turbulence had not permitted him to enjoy in peace, appeared upon the balcony. He waved his hand, and as nearly as I can remember, uttered these few words:

"I am worn and tired. You would like me to deliver a speech on the great events and issues on which our nation is so deeply engaged. But you must remember that I occupy a conspicuous station, where all eyes are turned upon me and where every word I utter is reported and given particular import. Hence I should say nothing except it had been carefully prepared. Otherwise what I would say might be severely criticised and injure our cause. I have had no time to think, and where one cannot say anything worth hearing he had better say nothing. Good-night."

There was nothing particularly oratorical in this speech, nor did we students think it very complimentary, and, by no means favorably impressed, we retired from the scene.

President Lincoln had correctly judged the situation. It mattered very little what he said to our thoughtless student body merely desiring to have curiosity gratified. He would save himself, and we with others, could well wait for the morrow. This little speech made to the college students that night, I believe, has never been reported.

The next day, Thursday morning, was a beautiful one. All Gettysburg was alive with crowds—soldiers, distinguished Americans, banners, and music. The procession, President Lincoln leading, started for Cemetery Hill at about 10 o'clock. As I was perfectly familiar with the ground and by nature not indisposed to improve my opportunity, I secured what I thought to be the best place for seeing and hearing. With me was a fellow student named Wieting, who later became a prominent lawyer in St. Louis. We stood perhaps 30 feet from the stand which had been erected for the speakers and could look straight into the President's face. It was on the central knoll of the cemetery.

Edward Everett's Oration.

The chief interest at first centered in the address of Edward Everett. His great reputation for oratory naturally excited the imagination of the students, who expected to hear in him an American Cicero. And it was an admirable oration, clothed in elegant diction, delivered in cultured manner, and at times, especially in the parts descriptive of the sacrifices of the soldiers and the solicitude of the anxious ones at home, very pathetic. It occupied about two hours in delivery, and at the close was greeted with great applause.

All this while I was so close to President Lincoln that I could almost hear his breathing. He was seated in a very large rocker, which looked as if especially constructed for his gaunt frame. He appeared bored by the address. Its great length and the brilliant rays of the sun pouring down upon him, as upon the crowd, seemed to make him uneasy. He swayed restlessly to and fro, assuming all manner of attitudes, giving the impression of decided weariness. When Mr. Everett's address was concluded he arose and, grasping his hand, warmly congratulated him and then again took his seat. At once loud cries for the President rose from the throng. It was not even known that he was to have a regular part in the program.

Lincoln's Appearance.

He arose and advanced a few steps, holding his hat in his hand. Mr. Howard, a correspondent for a New York newspaper, wrote of his appearance at the time:

"Mr. Lincoln stands 6 feet 4 inches high. He has a large head, with a very high, shelving forehead; thick, bushy dark hair; a keen, bright, piercing, indeterminable colored eye; a prominent, thin nostriled nose; a large, well-bowed mouth; a round, pretty chin; a first crop of darkish whiskers; a long, lank trunk; limbs of good shape and extreme length. As he stood on the platform, with his head bared, I was startled by the careworn, anxious look he wore. His forehead and face are actually seamed with deep-set furrows and wrinkles such as no man of his years should have."

Owing to the brilliancy of the sun when the President rose to speak, some hats were not immediately removed. This did not please the crowd, and on its insistence every head was respectfully uncovered. President Lincoln then adjusted his spectacles, and, with the utmost deliberation and no show whatever of oratorical attempt, proceeded to read his address. This seemed to be written on a large sheet or sheets of paper, which, either from scarce suppressed emotion or a slight breeze, fluttered in his hands. His voice, somewhat rasping, was forcible and penetrating, and evidently reached the farthest ear of the crowd.

The Dedication Address.

The words pronounced by the President are now familiar to all Americans.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

I must confess that I was not expecting anything remarkable from the address. President Lincoln did not then have the unique reputation that he later came to have. I looked upon him as a thoroughly honest man, of simple, rugged strength, but somewhat uncouth in person and in style, which impression had been deepened on me by his abrupt talk the night before, and his nervous, ungainly manner during the preceding lengthy speech.

Power of the Address.

But all these impressions vanished from the moment the great leader began to read. His simple power and pathos held me. Every sentence seemed to voice the great history making epoch through which

the nation was passing. It appeared to gather up and utter in terse phrase all the mighty issues of the hour.

The time, in the midst of the great war for the Union; the scene, the crucial battlefield of the struggle; the hills and woods about us still echoing with the roar of the guns and the artillery, and above all the thousands of hero graves encircling us, contributed to heighten the moral grandeur of the moment.

Then, too, greater even than the address, the personality of the man himself, incarnating the great issues, shone forth with a compelling power.

After the mighty applause had subsided I turned to my friend Wieting and said:

"What do you think of it?"

"Pretty will done for old Abe. How did you like it?" was his characteristically bluff answer.

I replied: "That speech is a classic. It will take its place in English literature."

This decisive impression was all the more surprising as it had never occurred to me that President Lincoln possessed literary ability of any high order. Mr. Everett's sonorous periods and ornate rhetoric were quite effaced, while President Lincoln's address was the one feature that fully measured up to the challenge of the occasion and left an indelible impression on the memory.

There was no tinge of bitterness in the address, no trace of animosity toward the South, in arms against the national life. There was not a word in it to which a Southron could take exception. It was couched in universal terms, which made it appeal to the heart of every American patriot and lifted it out of the limitations of the time to a fitness for all generations.

How It Was Written.

The newspapers had long extracts from the formal oration of the day, Mr. Everett's speech, but the dedicatory address was rather overlooked.

That night President Lincoln attended a memorial service at the Reformed Church in Gettysburg. As he passed out through the middle aisle at the close of the service I was one of those who personally greeted him. As he took my hand I poured the keenest glance into his face, as if to search for the secret of the marvelous personal force he had that day shown. He seemed to return the gaze and the deep, pathetic aspect of his penetrating look impressed me as its notable feature.

I did not see him again until on the morning of the attack on Fort Steadman when he accompanied Gen. Grant on a train of armored cars, over which a number of hostile shells passed, to the front. The Confederacy was then in its last throes, and it seemed to me that he was in a less depressed if not buoyant mood.

There are many interesting personal stories of how Lincoln prepared his wonderful speech in a few moments while on the train to Gettysburg from Washington. These stories are contradicted by the words of President Lincoln himself. When, before leaving Washington, he was handed a copy of Mr. Everett's oration, which the orator had sent to him the President remarked:

"It is very kind in Mr. Everett to send me this in order that I might not go over the same ground that he has. There is no danger that I shall. My speech is all blocked out. It is very short."

It seems quite probable that the final inspiration of the scene may have caused him to make simple changes the night before the dedication.

Jacobs, Dr Henry 1863-1923

SIXTY years ago, on a warm, sunny November day, there was a great stir in the little town of Gettysburg.

Flags fluttered from every window, soldiers clanked around, bands played snatches of martial music—the whole place was agog with excitement.

For Lincoln was coming—the President of the United States coming in person to the town of 2000 inhabitants, snuggling in the Pennsylvania hills.

He was coming to dedicate the National Cemetery.

In July, 1863, the Battle of Gettysburg was fought. This was November, and from July to November the horrors of the little town make bad reading.

For weeks after the smoke of battle cleared hundreds of horses were unburied. The dead were neglected and all care given to those with a spark of life in them. Six thousand were killed in action—and the ones that were buried were hastily thrown into a grave and some loose dirt scraped over them—the names scrawled in pencil on a rude headboard fashioned from a piece of a cracker box.

The time was coming for the plowing of the fields and something had to be done.

President Honoring Victims of the War

That was why the President was in Gettysburg—to dedicate the cemetery that was to hold in honor the heroes of the Nation.

We know that it was a clear, balmy Indian-summer day, because in the crowd that craned and twisted to catch a glimpse of Lincoln were four people who are in Philadelphia today and one who lives only a few miles away.

And it was sixty years ago!

They were boys and girls on that far-off day, these five, and unknown to each other they jostled and pushed, the better to hear the epochal words.

Perhaps they gave one another a sly push in angling for position, who knows?

In the flush of youth then, they are alive today to tell what they saw—to let the world glimpse through their eyes the great weary man, heavy with anxiety and responsibility, as he poured forth his thoughts in a two-minute talk.

Dr. Henry Jacobs, of the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Mount Airy, was there, as was John MacFarlane, of the Commercial Museum. Mrs. John T. Myers, of Moylan, and Mrs. Clara McCrea, of Ardmore, were among those present at the momentous event.

Arthur B. Farquhar, from York, Pa., was the fifth person present at the address.

And he must have caused envy among the other four, since he sat on the platform with Lincoln. He was older than the others—all of twenty-six years—and in politics.

The politics account for his being on the platform.

He is in his eighty-sixth year now and a leading citizen of York. Recently he was struck by an automobile just at the gates of his estate on the Country Club road. He is recovering slowly, however, and will shortly leave the hospital.

Dr. Jacobs, who has written a book on the subject, tells clearly of the exciting times. His home was in Gettysburg, and he was bound to hear the speech. After the manner of boys the world over, he squirmed past the guards and perched himself not fifteen feet from Lincoln.

And he heard the speech.

Recalls Famous Speech Despite Lapse of Years

"It was a bright, beautiful day," relates Dr. Jacobs, his face lighting up with the narrative, "and somehow I slipped my friends and got in a great spot—just about fifteen feet from Lincoln. Edward Everett spoke first—and he spoke for one hour and fifty-seven minutes. Mr. Lincoln sat there perfectly quiet, on the rude little platform, during the long oration. And he was sitting on a stiff chair, too.

"Lincoln had arrived in Gettysburg the night before, and a large crowd went to the little depot to meet his train. At 10 o'clock the next morning Lincoln, mounted on a very small horse, appeared in procession.

"Why they gave him, the tallest man in it, such a little horse no one will ever know," said Dr. Jacobs with a quiet smile. "He passed along, and every one yelled 'Hurrah for Old Abe!' and 'We are coming, Father Abraham!' and things like that."

"Then," continued Dr. Jacobs, reminiscently tearing the curtain from the past, "he mounted the platform and listened to the formal oration of Everett. Everett, with snow-white hair and coal-black eyes, gave a polished, masterly address—but it was too long for an open-air speech."

It was while the crowd was growing restless, at the length of Everett's speech, that Dr. Jacobs managed to slip past the guards and gain a front place.

"Toward the end of Everett's speech Lincoln took a metallic spectacle case from his pocket and put a pair of steel glasses near the tip of his nose. Then, reaching into his side pocket, he brought out a crumpled sheet of paper. He smoothed this on his knee and read it—it was the notes of his speech."

Undying Words Were Carried to Audience

"Then a dirge was sung, and Lincoln rose, his spectacles still on, but his notes back in his pocket. He was majestic, as he stood there—huge and ungainly, but majestic. He spoke in a clear, pleasant voice, that carried well. The first few sentences he spoke by memory, but he gradually drew his notes from his pocket and read them. He made gestures—not with his hands, which held the notes, but with his body. He bowed from side to side, like this," and Dr. Jacob swayed slowly as had the great Lincoln.

Then Dr. Jacobs added with a laugh: "When I see and hear people reciting the Gettysburg address, with all sorts of graceful gestures and flourishes, I smile. Lincoln was so impressive and grand, with nothing but the bowing of his body."

What a blow for elocution teachers! No graceful gestures for Lincoln's address. "Just when we were settling down to hear the speech it ended," said Dr. Jacobs. "It was startling, it stopped so suddenly. Just two minutes it took—it was nine sentences and two hundred and fifty words. That was all."

Then the applause burst. Dr. Jacobs denies emphatically the rumor that there was dead silence after the address—that is merely in the imagination of some writers. As a matter of fact, loud and continued cheering and shouting came at the end of the speech, he says. And during it Mr. Lincoln was interrupted several times by the applause. The crowds, when they realized that Lincoln had not paused for breath, but he actually finished, had clapped and screamed and yelled.

Import of Big Event Was Not Recognized

"At the time we didn't realize what a wonderful thing we had heard," Dr. Jacobs admitted. "Even the newspapers failed to grasp it. Little was made of it in the press the next day; in fact, the New York papers gave all their space to a speech of Henry Ward Beecher, just back from England. There were principles only in the address, and the strong and kindly man, standing by the graves that many blamed him for filling, spoke with an earnestness that was touching."

And Dr. Jacobs told about the convulsive excitement of Gettysburg.

"Gettysburg had only 2000 inhabitants, and there were more than 3000

WEIK

bodies in the cemetery. It was larger than the little town, which was taxed to its utmost to accommodate all the people who came for the dedication. Every house was a hotel, and every one was only too anxious to help take care of the visitors. All roads led to Gettysburg that day, railroads jammed to capacity, and carriages filled with people pouring in from the country around."

And Dr. Jacobs threw away his program. Think of the many programs heedlessly trampled under foot that day, telling of the events and actors in those events—all long since passed away.

And this is Mrs. John T. Myers' version of the historic day.

She then was Miss Sarah Anne Cook, a little Quakeress. She and her sister Elmira Jane lived at "Cook's Mill," their family place about ten miles from Gettysburg—it was in Bendersville, Adams County.

Let her tell the story of that day in her own way, her blue eyes brightening at the memory of it.

"Just a Little Girl" in Those Far-Off Days

"I was eighteen then," Mrs. Myers tells with a quick smile, "and I was just a little girl, much younger than a girl of eighteen today. We started from home about five in the morning. in a buggy with some friends—there were about six of us in the party, I think, and we were very excited."

Picture the little Quaker maids in their moderate hoops—Quakeresses never went to extremes—poke bonnets and shawls driving through the crisp dawn, to get to Gettysburg by 9.

"It was a beautiful day," Mrs. Myers said decidedly, "and we had a nice drive over to town. The road was black with buggies—everything that would go went to Gettysburg that day. For weeks before the visit of the President was the topic of conversation, and we could not take our carriage in Gettysburg, the traffic was so heavy, but we left it in the outskirts and walked into town.

"Before the ceremony of dedication a reception was held by Lincoln in the home of Judge David Wills. We were there and shook hands with the President.

"I can remember," she said, half closing her eyes the better to recall exactly what happened, "how big he seemed; and his hand was so large and roomy it just swallowed mine. He didn't say anything, only smiled." And the smile lives in the memory of one who cherishes every little act of the hero Lincoln.

"During this reception Lincoln retired for a while to prepare his speech—he wrote it on the personal paper of Judge Wills."

Next the procession went to the unknown graves, and Mrs. Myers remembers the figures of weeping persons bending over the sad graves.

No Beaux Present to Bother Girls

"We slipped away from our party—we weren't bothered with beaus then, so could manage it—and reached the steps of the platform and there we stayed, my sister and I. We saw and heard everything splendidly."

"Abraham Lincoln did not read his speech, but spoke loud and clear and very distinctly. They say it took only two minutes, but it seemed longer to me, and, as I remember, there was a solemn silence afterward. I do not think there was any applause, but a deep silence. At the time I didn't realize what a great thing was happening, and I think this is due to the fact that there was so much going on around Gettysburg those days, what with the battle and cannonading and excitement."

The crowd was wonderfully patient, Mrs. Myers declares, though it was a hot day and the ceremonies were long.

"It was a wonderful event, having the President in Gettysburg," Mrs. Myers says, "and we chattered about it for a long time ahead. Every one was anxious to go, even little Quaker girls. We were very conservative, and were not allowed to go to see the battlefield, but we didn't care—all we wanted to see was Lincoln."

Every One Was There If He Could Make It

"For thirty miles around every one went to Gettysburg, and then a lot of people from the big cities were there. The hotels were crowded and the town seemed swamped with so many strangers in it. We could get nothing to eat that day—everything was sold out—but we bought a pie some place and ate that. Then we went home that same night, for there was no place in the town to stay.

"We passed teams and farm wagons and horses and buggies and carriages on our way home that night. We got home at 9 o'clock, and it was a bit frosty then. And we were tired, so tired," said Mrs. Myers, with a slow shake of her head at the thought.

"It makes me feel old," she added, "to think that that was sixty years ago, and I can just close my eyes and see Lincoln standing there as clear as in life. If I had known that what I remember was going to be written up I would have noticed more," she said with a twinkle in her eye."

And then there is John J. MacFarlane's story of the day. He traveled all the way from Philadelphia for the event, and in those days that was a bit of a jaunt.

"I went with some boys from the neighborhood," said Mr. MacFarlane, "and we went from Philadelphia to Harrisburg; changed there for York; changed there for Hanover, and then on to Gettysburg. Something happened between Hanover and York. The train ran out of steam on a hill, and all of the passengers had to scramble out and push it up the hill, then climb in again and hope it would go."

Traveling de luxe, was it not?

Squirmed His Way to Get Good View

"We got into Gettysburg the morning of the ceremonies, and I was at first pretty far back in the heart of the crowd, but managed to squirm around until I was about seventy-five feet away from Lincoln. I couldn't get any closer.

"My, oh, my," he said with a thrill in his voice, "but we were excited that day. Everett talked an hour, and we thought he would never end. Of course, it was a wonderful speech he gave, but we wanted Lincoln. The speakers were on a little wooden platform, and when Lincoln rose every one was keyed to the highest pitch to hear him. If he had recited the Lord's Prayer we would have hurrahed," he said with a chuckle, seeing himself as a boy of sixteen dancing around in excitement and pure joy.

"He rested his hands on the rough wooden bar of the platform and began, and it was great while it lasted, but it was so short! I thought he had stepped back for a glass of water, and so did others, but when the crowds realized that he had finished, they went mad with excitement and cheering and clapping and shouting, and the bands struck up and all was hubbub and yelling."

"That book," he continued, "'The Perfect Tribute,' that says there was no applause, only dead silence, is all wrong. The crowd that day was in such a humor they would have cheered anything; and Lincoln could not have been disappointed at the lack of applause, because the people went wild.

Lincoln's Voice Carried to Far Parts of Crowd

"And Lincoln held his head up and spoke out so that those thousands who were at the ends of the crowd could hear him. The picture in Harrisburg I hardly think is fair, for in it Lincoln's head is bowed and hanging low. He stood erect and his head was up.

"He had no notes, as I remember, and did not read his speech, but recited it, and he made the usual gestures of a stump speaker. He was taller by far than any around him. I doubt at the time if any one appreciated the greatness of that speech, but they shouted, anyhow, and every one approved, even though they didn't hear or understand it. We were just wild about Lincoln, and that was all that counted. He was the idol of the people, and there must have been 25,000 in Gettysburg that day, and it was such a fair, warm day, too."

McCrea. White House

81

Stole Apples to Eat for a Hasty Lunch

"The town was jammed. For lun I think we had some apples an a few sandwiches. For once," said, laughing, "we forgot to get hun gry. Of the thousands there that da many have gone. Some were old th and have passed away, while some we too young to realize what was happe ing. But it is a memory with me, a never, never, shall I forget him. wish you could see him standing there, as I can, with his kind face and huge body. He must have been six feet four and about fifty-three years old. It was a great day and one of the proudest of my life."

And then there is Mrs. Clara McCrea, whose clearest memory is of Lincoln on a white horse, dismounting to climb the platform and address the multitudes.

"It was a hot day, very warm," said Mrs. McCrea, "and I remember my dress. It was a foulard silk, with a little train and the bottom of it was trampled to pieces in the crowds. It was in shreds. There was a tremendous crowd there, and I recall seeing people carried out."

Were on Hand Early Not to Miss Anything

"I was visiting in Gettysburg at the time, from my home in Lebanon. We were at the square early, so were away up front and saw everything perfectly. Lincoln looked very, very tired, as he stood there lank and tall. He spoke loud and distinctly.

"After the exercises there was a reception in one of the hotels. That was sport. While Mr. Lincoln shook hands with everybody that streamed past in long lines, Andrew Curtin, then the Governor of Pennsylvania, went about kissing all the pretty girls.

"The President did not do any kissing," added Mrs. McCrea with a smile. "He just shook hands. Really, he only kept his hand out in front of him and let each person shake it as he passed. He certainly did look tired that day."

And Mrs. McCrea recalls some of the horrors of war-torn Gettysburg.

"Before the cemetery was consecrated," she tells, "heaps of bodies were lying around, loosely covered with dirt; and even when they were covered an arm or a leg would stick out. Do you know what the people would do? They would scrape the ground from the bodies and cut off buttons from the sleeves and the uniforms. It was horrible, with all the unknowns around. They needed the National Cemetery, I can say for a fact."

1923

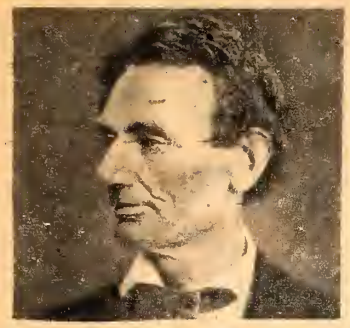
Warfel, John A.

82

GETTYSBURG, '63

TO THE EDITOR:

I was interested in the story by Ruth Block on President Lincoln's famous speech at



His hearers were moved.

Gettysburg. My mother lived on a farm about eleven miles from Gettysburg. She often told us how she stood at the edge of the platform looking up into the President's face while he spoke and before he had finished the short speech she was in tears, and she noted that many around her were touched in the same way.

JOHN A. WARFEL.

Pittsburgh.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

HART - R S

83

ard President Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech.

Hon. R. S. Hart is probably the only man in Pottawattamie county who had the pleasure of hearing President Lincoln make what has become the best known and probably the greatest speech ever delivered by an American citizen; a speech that has become a leading classic in American literature. Vivid indeed is Mr. Hart's recollection of the time and circumstance of its making. He saw Mr. Lincoln come upon the ground riding on horseback surrounded by a mounted body guard whose purpose and duty it was to protect the great commoner from being overwhelmed by enthusiastic admirers who were anxious to grasp their president by the hand. But notwithstanding the greatest vigilence and care on the part of the guard many ushed past the horses and grasped he hand that signed the Emancipation Proclamation. Every one was greeted with a smile and a word of cheer. Among these admirers was a man whose hands were blackened with the smoke and soot of the forge. He was admonished that his hands were too dirty to shake hands with the president. But that did not deter him and Mr. Lincoln saw no distinction between his and that of any other man. Before his departure Mr. Hart also had the pleasure of grasping his hand and looking into the face of the great emancipator. The picture is just as vivid in Mr. Hart's mind today as it was then, and he counts it as being one of the greatest events of his life.

SHE RECALLS GETTSBURGH LINCOLN TALK

Now On Wednesday Mrs. Smith Will Hear Roosevelt; Was Kissed By Emancipator

A woman who was kissed by President Lincoln, the only surviving member of the notable company that sat on a raised platform on that day in 1863 while the memorable Gettysburg address was made, Mrs. Malcomb Orlando Smith of Hanover, Pa., will be honored by another President Wednesday.

As President Roosevelt delivers his address in memory of the dead on the field of Gettysburg, Wednesday, Mrs. Smith will occupy a chair at his side. As a girl of fourteen, named Louise Van der Sloot, she sat by President Lincoln during his classic address, and later sang for him.

That night, at a big reception in the home of Lawyer David Wills in Gettysburg, Louisa and President Lincoln met for the second and last time. There he took her in his long arms, kissed her, and said:

"Child, I heard you singing there today. What a sweet voice you have."

THOUGHT HIM HANDSOME.

Looking far back in the past, to the greatest day of her life, Mrs. Smith, who will be eighty-six years old in two weeks, said:

"Some people used to think he was terribly homely, but I thought and still think he was handsome—so tall, and with the gentlest, sweetest face you could ever imagine. And when he took me in his arms he felt so strong and fatherly.

"Did I know up there on that platform I was listening to one of the greatest things in the English language? Well, I was only a little girl, but I knew that I was listening to Lincoln, and that made it great to me.

"I do know that during that reception at Lawyer Wills' house Mr. Lincoln told several folks that he thought his speech had been a failure. And most people agreed with him.

DIDN'T USE GESTURES.

"Mr. Everett and the other speakers shouted and waved their arms around and stamped their feet and clenched their fists as orators used to do then, but Mr. Lincoln never used a single gesture. Maybe that was why nobody was impressed.

"He had a small piece of paper about as big as an envelope in his hand, but he never looked at it once. Some books say he read his speech. That isn't so. I was right beside him and I saw everything he did."

3 BROTHERS IN ARMY.

When President Roosevelt speaks Mrs. Smith will be there on the new rostrum to greet him. Notwithstanding her age and her recent attack of pleural pneumonia that almost cost her life, Mrs. Smith feels that she owes him this courtesy. She explained:

"After all, Gettysburg is my birthplace. During the three days of the battle I was in the cellar of our home.

"The noise was terrible and it seemed as if it would never stop. When we came up at last and could peep out the windows we could see rebel soldiers on the 'skeedaddle' in the streets.

"Three of my brothers were in the Union Army then. So was the man I afterwards married, though I didn't know him then. There were ten of us in the family and we all sang and played instruments. I could sing both the highest and lowest voices, but mother always made me sing soprano, because the alto might spoil my voice.

"These are my Lincoln pictures in here and the ones taken of me alongside President Coolidge and President Hoover. I'm getting to be a public character."

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THE WOMAN—On Wednesday Mrs. Smith, the sole survivor of the 1863 memorial ceremony, will sit on another platform at Gettysburg and hear another President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, deliver a memorial address. Mrs. Smith, who will be eighty-six years old within two weeks, is shown looking at a treasured album, where pictures of the Civil War President and the child that she was look out at her. Picture by Sunday Baltimore American Staff Photographer.

THE CHILD—Mrs. Malcolm Orlando Smith of Hanover, Pa., looked like this as a child of fourteen, when she heard President Lincoln deliver his famous address.

SUNDAY, FEBR. 12, 1933.
THE NEW YORK TIMES,

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS RECALLED BY ONE WHO HEARD IT

A Boy Who Hid Under the Speakers' Platform Describes the Solemn Occasion and the Emotions of the Audience

By WIRT W. BARNITZ.

THE sympathy, simplicity and kindliness which were so much a part of Lincoln became manifest under tremendous emotional stress on that solemn Nov. 19, 1863, when he delivered the famous Gettysburg Address. His emotions at that moment, when private anxieties as well as the troublous affairs of the nation wrung his heart, are recorded in the memories of those few still living who saw and heard him on that "Day of Dedication," as Gettysburg still calls it.

By next Nov. 19 threescore and ten years will have passed away since the "fourscore-and-seven-years-ago" address fell upon the ears of an assemblage which stood motionless and silent. Many bowed their heads and almost without exception men doffed their hats, moved by the solemn manner of its delivery. The lowly and less educated mistook the speech for a prayer. A group of Negroes moaned forth an "Amen" with each pause, adding a plaintive note that was entirely in keeping with the occasion.

An Unobserved Listener.

Under the speakers' stand, directly beneath the feet of Lincoln, stood a boy of 15. He was looking up through a crack between the boards. There, earlier in the day, he had concealed himself among the huge store-boxes that formed the foundations of the platform, intent upon being as close to the "President with a heart" as was physically possible. Twenty-four hours before he had not thought of Lincoln other than as a great man. But to show how circumstances frequently alter cases and how mightily human and magnetic was Lincoln's personal appeal, what happened in this instance becomes illuminating.

This impressionable boy, observant and endowed with a splendid memory, early in the evening of the previous day had heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive at an hour when no train ever entered the village of Hanover, about fourteen miles east of Gettysburg. Immediately he hastened stationward with others who had heard the whistle.

To the villagers' surprise, they discovered that the special train on which Abraham Lincoln was journeying to Gettysburg had developed a "hot-box" and was, therefore, being shunted from the main line into the Hanover siding. The townspeople surrounded the coach in which Lincoln sat writing the latter part of his address, the top of his high hat serving as a makeshift desk.

There was no cheering. The babble of the crowd was low-pitched and subdued. The locomotive and the forward car with the offending axle rolled off to the repair shop. A voice was raised. "Father Abraham! Father Abraham! Come forth; your children want to see you." The crowd gave way, and Mr. Alleman, the minister of the village Lutheran Church, continuing his appeal, stepped close to the coach.

Lincoln Appears.

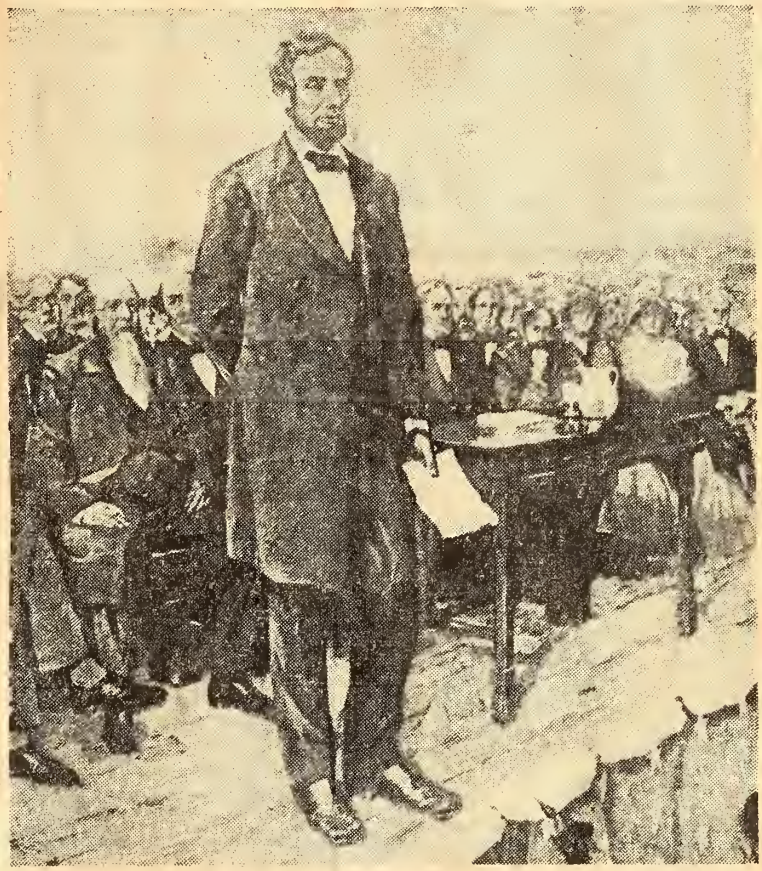
A moment later Lincoln's tall figure appeared in the doorway. Stooping, so that the crown of his head would clear the lintel, he strode out on the platform, smiled sadly, and slowly descended to the lower step.

Close by stood George Gitt, the boy who had heard the first signals of the train. In order that he might touch Lincoln's coat, he squirmed beneath the coach, and when he emerged his shoulder brushed the President's knee. The kindly face looked down at the lad and again smiled wistfully, and the great, friendly hand patted a proud head.

With his eyes fixed upon the boy Lincoln began to speak, and while he spoke his thoughts seemed to be far away and unrelated to the words he uttered, for that day his mountainous troubles were peaked by a distressing anxiety due to the critical condition of his little Tad.

After the train had departed, young Gitt, with two of his brothers, sought their father and succeeded in arranging for the use of the old family mare. Early next morning they were on their way. When they reached Gettysburg there was a parade in progress. Lincoln, lost in thought, seldom looking to the right or to the left, rode well forward in the procession

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG



From the Painting by F. G. Ransom. © International.

Becoming separated from his brothers, George hastened to the spot about to be dedicated as a national cemetery. Possessed by the one thought to be as near Lincoln as possible, he hid under the speakers' stand.

Finally, when the parade had reached the cemetery and had disbanded and the platform was heavy with personages, official and unofficial, and Christ's Church choir ranged along one side began solemnly to chant a dirge, the boy discovered the whereabouts of Lincoln and stationed himself at the feet of his hero.

Through a crack between the planks he could look directly into Lincoln's face. Its deep lines, the wrinkled brow, the deep-set, brooding eyes burned indelible images into the memory of the boy, awakening sympathies which the years have not been able to dim. Now, although 85, he still vividly feels "those tuggings at his heart cords" which "seized" him that Autumn day when he gazed into the face of the President who knew more trials and tribulations than any other of our Chief Executives.

The pause that had followed the prayer now gave way to stirrings above. The boy shifted his position to another crack close to the front of the platform. Edward Everett was unfolding the manuscript of his oration, but the boy was not interested. He returned to his former position to look again into that sad face with those somber, wistful eyes that, as he aptly puts it, "seemed to be looking into hell and heaven at one and the same time."

Until Edward Everett began to speak, the President gazed into space; then, as the first period of that ornate oration, which was to consume an hour and twenty minutes, was pronounced, he leaned from one side of his chair to the other and crossed his legs, turning his eyes full upon the speaker.

Preparing for the Speech.

Somewhat later he again shifted his position and rested his chin in the palm of his right hand. His eyes wandered over the audience, resting for a moment as some figure held his attention.

Thus he sat until Everett had uttered his final sentence. Then he slowly removed his hand from his chin, bent slightly forward, and very deliberately drew from an inner pocket of his coat a few flimsy pieces of paper. These he shuffled from hand to hand until that particular sheet for which he sought appeared. Leaning back in the chair again, but without recrossing his legs, he intently studied the contents of the page. His concentration was so complete that, as often happened, he was motionless with thought. The posture was characteristic, and long since a sculptor has given it permanency in bronze.

Tucking away the papers, he arose and very slowly stepped to the front of the platform. The flutter and motion of the crowd, which followed the Everett oration and which continued while Lincoln was being introduced, ceased the moment the President was on his feet. So complete was the quiet that his footfalls, as he strode forward, awoke echoes, and with the creaking of the boards it was to the boy as if some one were walking through the hallways of an empty house. The brooding eyes glowed with a strange light and then, in a deep, resonant voice, Lincoln began to speak. Word followed word so slowly that the value of each syllable was unduly magnified.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation——" (here there was a decided pause; the adjective new was given high emphasis) "—conceived in liberty—" (another pause and more high emphasis, this time on the noun liberty) "—and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Now the group of Negroes who had been wailing "Amen" in an undertone at each pause lifted their voices higher and higher. A number of them were weeping.

The deep, resonant voice continued: "—whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure." These words were spoken so very slowly that to the boy it seemed as if they were the utterance born of a dream. With the next sentence Lincoln quickened the time of his delivery; and when he came to "—gave the last full measure of devotion," tears trickled down his cheeks, and he cleared his throat.

With a large white handkerchief, which he drew from an inner pocket of his coat and which he allowed to dangle for a moment from his right hand as it fell relaxed at his side, he brushed away the tears and mopped his brow, and for the first time slightly shifted his feet.

Magnetism of Lincoln.

During the final passages of the address the boy was thrilled as he had not been thrilled by the previous sentences. "It was," he now describes it, "as if something electric ran up and down my spine. Surely the magnetism of that great soul flowed through me in a torrent. It was certainly not what he said that made me fell as I did but how he said it. In other words, I felt as I know many others did the outreaching, magnetic personality of Lincoln."

The brevity of the address, together with its abrupt close, so astonished the multitude that they stood transfixed. Lincoln turned and strode toward his chair, and finally there came applause and a calling, "Yes! Yes! Government for the people!" It was as if the Blue Ridge Mountains to the west were echoing Lincoln's keynote thought.

Letter by Willie Lincoln Recalls Father's Sorrow

President's Son Wrote of Colonel, Soon to Die, Within Year of Own Death.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 11 (AP).—A letter, yellowed with age and written in a boyish scrawl, today recalled some unhappy events which confronted Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday will be observed tomorrow.

It was written by Willie Lincoln, the boy who died in the White House before his father's administration was a year old.

Dated May 3, 1861, the letter was written to Henry Remann, a Springfield boy with whom Willie played before the Lincoln family moved to Washington.

Reproduced as written by Willie, the letter follows:

"Dear Henry:

"I am sorry I have not wrote to you all, since I left you all.

"I told my brother Bob in my last letter that there was at least ten thousand soldiers stationed at the Capitol building. I suppose that you did not learn that Colonel E. E. Ellsworth had gone to New York and organized a regiment—divided into companys, and brought them here, and to be sworn in—I don't know when. Some folks call them b-hoys, and others call them, the firemen.

"Yours respectfully"

"WILLIE LINCOLN."

The colonel, a romantic figure of 24, was to be killed at Alexandria, Va., just three weeks after Willie wrote the letter, the first Union officer to give his life in the conflict. And within the year, Willie, too, was to die.

Tribute Is Paid Mother Of Lincoln in Hoosier Rites

Wreaths laid on lonely hilltop grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln

Lincoln City, Ind., Feb. 12 (AP)—Reverent Hoosiers marked Abraham Lincoln's birthday today with a tribute to his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln—the frail, devout pioneer woman the Martyr President credited with setting him on the road to fame.

In a simple memorial service—a yearly custom of the Indiana Lincoln Union and Boonville Press Club—they laid wreaths on the lonely hilltop grave in which she lies near this Southern Indiana village.

Only a white stone shaft marks the place. But the state, by way of restoring the frontier landscape she knew in life, has established a 1,200-acre woodland park nearby.

In prayer, poetry, songs and speeches, the ceremony told the story of the fourteen years of growth Lincoln spent in Indiana—between the ages of seven and 21.

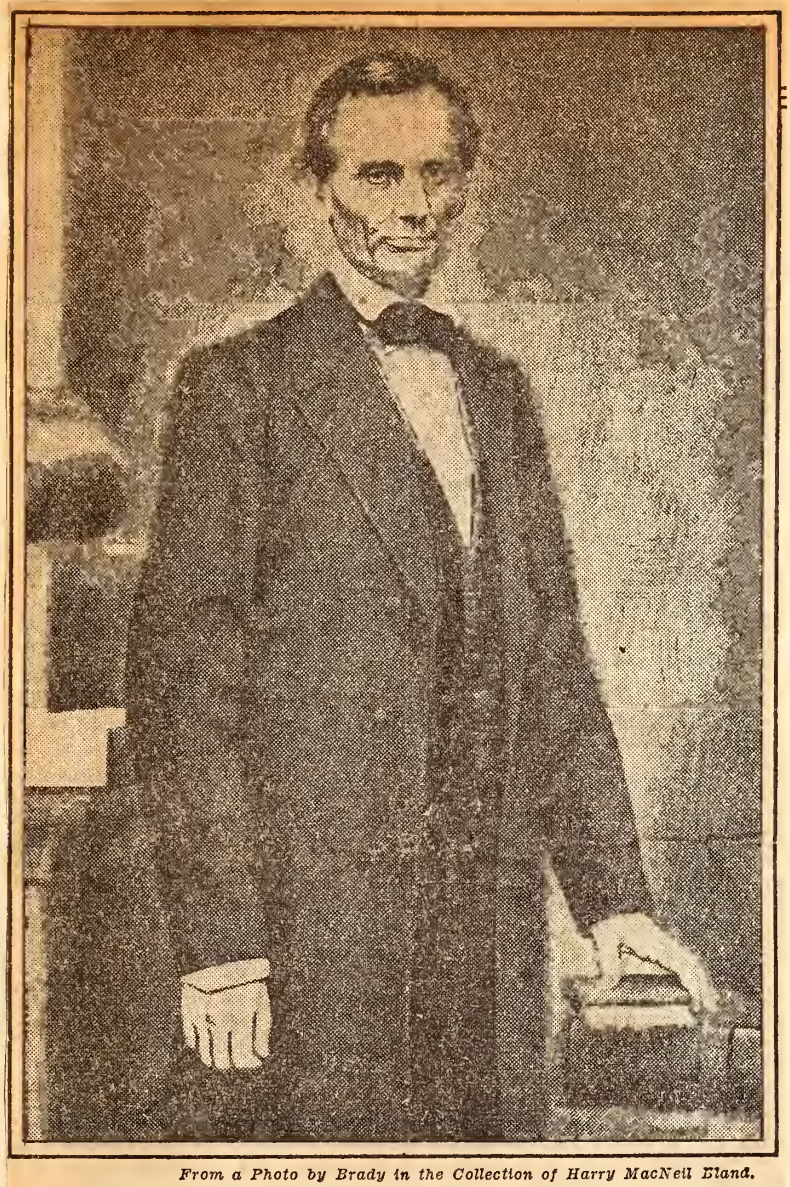
Floyd I. McMurray, state superintendent of public instruction, eulogized Lincoln's mother as a prime influence for good in his life. He said she read to him, told him Bible stories and probably taught him to read.

"That her influence was paramount and that she guided him to the best things in life," he said, "is established by his significant statement, 'All that I am and all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.'"

Her death of a frontier plague in October, 1818, when Lincoln was nine, McMurray pictured as the first tragic loss in a life shot through with bitter experiences.

"The deeper shadows of reality touched him," he said, "so that they were never entirely lifted from his life."

He expressed hope no monument ever would be raised to take away the "pioneer simplicity" of the shrine.



From a Photo by Brady in the Collection of Harry MacNeil Eland.

Lincoln at Cooper Union, Feb. 29, 1860.

Twenty-two years ago Judge Douglas and I first became acquainted. We were both young then; he a trifle younger than I. Even then, we were both ambitious; I, perhaps, quite as much so as he. With me, the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure; with him it has been one of splendid success. His name fills the nation; and is not unknown, even, in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached. So reached, that the appressed of my species, might have shaken with me in the elevation, I would rather stand on that eminence, than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow.

be upon our adversaries and we shall have fun again.

Springfield, Nov. 20, 1858.
M. M. Inman, Esq.
My dear Sir:
Your very kind letter of the 9th was duly received. I shall duly consider its contents. The fight must go on—we are right, and cannot finally fail. There will be another blow-up in the so-called Democratic party before long. In the meantime let all Republicans stand fast by their guns.

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

Springfield, Ills., April 30, 1858.
Hon. S. P. Chase.
Dear Sir:
Reaching home yesterday I found your kind note of the 14th informing me that you have given Mr. Whitney the appointment he desired; and also mentioning the present encouraging aspects of the Republican cause—and our Illinois canvass of last year. I thank you for the appointment. Allow me also to thank you as being one of the very few distinguished men, whose sympathy we in Illinois did receive last year, of all those whose sympathy we thought we had reason to expect.

Of course I would have preferred success; but failing in this, I have no regret for having rejected all advice to the contrary, and resolutely made the struggle. Had we thrown ourselves into the arms of Douglas, as re-electing him by our vote would have done, the Republican cause would have been annihilated in Illinois, and, as I think, demoralized and prostrated everywhere for years, if not forever. As it is, in the language of Benton, "we are clean" and the Republican star gradually rises higher everywhere.

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

On June 9 he writes to Chase again:

It appears by the papers that the late Republican State Convention of Ohio adopted a platform, of which the following is one plank, "A repeal of the atrocious fugitive slave law." This is already damaging us here. I have no doubt that if that plank be ever introduced into the next Republican National Convention it will explode it. Once introduced, its supporters and its opponents will quarrel irreconcilably. I enter upon no argument one way or the other, but I assure you the cause of republicanism is hopeless in Illinois if it be in any way made responsible for that plank—I hope you can and will contribute something to relieve us of it.

Lincoln is at last becoming conscious that his career was anything but "a flat failure" and that he is among the two or three men from whom the convention will select a candidate to lead the fight.

The Candidate's Position.

How unfair the charge that he was eager for the nomination and that he crowded all other competitors for the nomination! Again and again he stated that Seward and Chase and McLean have been the older leaders in the cause and that he cannot compare his claims with theirs. He still has his doubts as to his availability and modestly replies to all missives which urge his nomination. Two letters, given below, are typical of a number of others which he wrote and show that there was no indecent haste about his candidacy, as far as he was concerned.

To a New Haven editor, James F. Babcock, he writes on April 14, 1860, a letter in which he says:

As to the Presidential nomination, claiming no greater exemption from selfishness than is common, I still feel that my whole aspiration should be, and therefore must be, to be placed anywhere. or nowhere, as may appear most likely to advance our cause.

To another admirer he sends this letter:

Springfield, Ill., April, 1860.
Wm. Gooding, Esq.,
My Dear Sir:
Reaching home yesterday I found your very kind and complimentary letter of March 21st, and for which I sincerely thank you. Our down East friends did, indeed, treat me with great kindness, demonstrating what I before believed, that all good, intelligent people are very much alike.
Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN.

On May 16, 1860, Lincoln is nominated at Chicago, receiving on the third ballot 354 out of the 466 votes cast. He settles down at Springfield to await the results of the campaign, writing many letters, holding many conferences. Ten days after the nomination he writes to Schuyler Colfax, editor of The St. Joseph Valley Register and later to be Vice Presiden under Grant, "Your very kind and acceptable letter of the 18th was received two or three days since. You distinguish between yourself and my *original* friends—a distinction which, by your leave, I propose to forget." His humor crops out in a note to an autograph hunter who admits that he is not of Lincoln's political faith: "You say you are not a Lincoln man, 'but would still like to have Mr. L.'s autograph.' Well, here it is."

Attitude Toward Temperance.

As he did not desire to join a Masonic lodge for fear that his motives might be misunderstood, so, not being a drinking man himself, he did not offer liquor to the committee which came to give him official notification of his nomination. But something more important than a temperance crusade was confronting him. So he writes to an officious inquirer:

Springfield, Ill., June 11th, 1860.
J. Mason Haight, Esq.,
My Dear Sir:
I think it would be improper for me to write or say anything to, or for, the public, upon the subject of which you inquire. I therefore wish the letter I do write to be held as strictly confidential. Having kept house sixteen years, and having never held the "cup" to the lips of my friends then, my judgment was I should not, in my new position, change my habit in this respect. What actually occurred upon the occasion of the committee visiting me I think it would be better for others to say.
Yours respectfully,
A. LINCOLN.

He wrote a great many letters to his friends and to local Republican leaders. Many of these were marked "Private and Confidential." The new letter to "Dick" Thompson, whom he later named as one of the commissioners for the Union Pacific Railroad, illustrates his caution and his attempt to guard against mistakes—it ends with the words "Burn this." There was nothing sinister about the expression. He explains a similar request in a letter to Leonard Swett, an old Eighth Circuit friend; "Burn this; not that there is anything wrong in it, but because it is best not to be known that I wrote at all." In another letter to Swett a few days later he suggests "great caution and delicacy is necessary."

This same caution is revealed down to the last days of the campaign. The editor of The Louisville Journal asks him to set forth in writing his views. Lincoln refuses: "I have had men to deal with, both North and South: men who are eager for something new upon which to base new misrepresentations; men who would like to frighten me, or at least to fix upon me the character of timidity and cowardice. * * * I intend keeping my eye upon these gentlemen, and to not unnecessarily put any weapons in their hands."

Confidential

Springfield Ills. Dec. 18. 1860.

Hon. Jno. D. Defrees.

My dear Sir

Yours of the 15th is received. I am sorry any republican inclining to daly with Pop. Sov. of any sort—It acknowledges that slavery has equal rights with liberty, and surrenders all we have contended for—Once faltered on as a settled policy, filibustering for all South of us, and making slave states of it, follows in spite of us, with our early Supreme Court decision, holding our free state constitutions to be unconstitutional—

Would Scott or Stephens go into a Cabinet? And if yes, or whatever? Do they come to me? or I go to them? or are we to lead off in open hostility to each other?

Yours truly A. Lincoln

Here is the Thompson letter:

Private. Springfield, Ill.,
July 10, 1860.
Hon. R. W. Thompson.
Dear Sir:
Yours of the 6th is received, and for which I thank you. I write this to acknowledge the receipt of it and to say I take time (only a little) before answering the main question.
If my *record* would *hurt* any, there is no hope that it will be over-looked; so that if friends can *help* any with it they may as well do so. Of course, due caution and circumspection will be used.
With reference to the same matter of which you write I wish you would watch Chicago a little. They are getting up a movement for the 17th Inst. I believe a line from you to John Wilson, late of the Genl. Land Office (I guess you know him well) would fix the matter.
When I shall have reflected a little you will hear from me again.
Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN.
Burn this.

To the same effect is his letter to George T. M. Davis of Philadelphia, a Unionist, who later rose to be a Colonel in the Federal Army:

Springfield Ill., Oct. 27, 1860.
George T. M. Davis, Esq.,
My Dear Sir:

Mr. Dubois has shown me your letter of the 20th and I promised him to write you. What is it that I could say that would quiet alarm? Is it that no interference by the government with slaves or slavery within the States is intended? I have said this so often already, that a repetition of it is but mockery, bearing an appearance of weakness and cowardice which perhaps should be avoided. Why do not uneasy men read what I have already said? and what our platform says? If they will not read or heed them, would they heed or read a repetition of them? Of course the declaration that there is no intention to interfere with slaves or slavery in the States, with all that is fairly implied in such declaration, is true, and I should have no objection to make, and repeat, the declaration a thousand times if there were no danger of encouraging bold, bad men to believe they are dealing with one who can be scared into anything. * * *

While Douglas and Breckenridge, representing respectively the Northern and Southern wings of the disrupted Democratic party, and John Bell, candidate of the "Constitutional Union party," are rushing about the country and addressing large audiences, until both candidates and audiences are alike tired out, Lincoln sticks to his policy of remaining at home, well content with the belief that his opinions and his platform are well known to the whole country and that repeating them ad nauseam will be of no earthly use.

A Minority President.

So election day of 1860 comes and Lincoln is elected—a minority President but with almost half a million more votes than Douglas, his ancient rival and still his closest competitor.

During the anxious days which drag on from election day until he reaches Washington, he is adamant against yielding to the hollow panaceas and plans which come without number, and which offer to sacrifice all which has been gained by years of effort and by the epoch-making election of 1860. Here the real leader of the Union makes his influence felt. Hold the fort until after inauguration day, and yield nothing; make no compromise with slavery—such his plans. Hence these new letters to Kellogg and Defrees simply make the policies of Lincoln at this time more clear and more definite. Kellogg was a Republican Congressman from Illinois. Defrees was Superintendent of Public Printing for the State of Illinois and is remembered as author of a constitutional amendment, lost in the storm of the Civil War, to prohibit slavery in new States and territories.

Here are the letters:

Private and confidential.
Springfield, Ill., Dec. 11, 1860.
Hon. William Kellogg:
My Dear Sir:

Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the *extension* of slavery. The instant you do they have us down again; all our labor is lost and sooner or later must be done over. Douglas is said to be again trying to bring in his "Pop. Sov." Have none of it. The tug has to come and better now than later.

Private & confidential.

Springfield, Ill. Dec. 11. 1860
Hon. William Kellogg.
My dear Sir.

Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the extension of slavery. The instant you do, they have us under again; all our labor is lost, and sooner or later must be done over. Douglas is said to be again trying to bring in his "Pop. Sov." Have none of it. The tug has to come & better now than later. You know I think the fugitive slave clause of the constitution ought to be enforced — to put it in the mildest form, ought not to be resisted. In haste

Yours as ever
A. Lincoln

You know I think the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution ought to be enforced—to put it in the mildest form, ought not to be resisted. In haste,
Yours as ever.
A. LINCOLN.

To Hon. Jno. D. Defrees, Dec. 18, 1860.
My dear sir:

Yours of the 15th is received. I am sorry any Republican inclines to dally with Pop. Sov. of any sort. It acknowledges that slavery has equal rights with liberty and surrenders all we have contended for. Once fastened upon us as a settled policy, filibustering for all South of us and making slave States of it, follows in spite of us, with an early Supreme Court decision, holding our free-State Constitutions to be unconstitutional. Would Scott or Stephens go into the Cabinet? And, if yea, on what terms? Do they come to me? or I go to them? Or are we to lead off in open hostility to each other?
Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

The Homely Lincoln Speaks.

He leaves Springfield. His stops at different cities on his way to Washington have not entirely been reported, or the short addresses he made to the people who turned out to see and hear the President-elect. At Bloomington and in Lancaster he spoke—and the Lincoln of the common people, with his homely similes, crops out. Here is the Bloomington talk, which appears for the first time:

Fellow-Citizens of Bloomington and McLean County:

I am glad to meet you after a longer separation than has been common between you and me. I thank you for the good report you made of the election in old McLean. The people of the country have again fixed up their affairs for a constitutional period of time. By the way, I think of the people very much as an old friend said he thought of women. He said when he lost his first wife, who had been a great help to him in his business, he thought he was ruined, that he could never find another to fill her place. At length, however, he married another who he found did quite as well as the first, and that his opinion now was that any woman would do well who was well done by. So I think of the whole people of this nation: they will ever do well if well done by. We will try to do well by them in all parts of the country, North and South, with entire confidence that all will be well with all of us.

With these unpretentious words on his lips Lincoln arrived in Washington to take up his tremendous new responsibilities. On the way he was threatened with assassination. We are particularly fortunate in being able to present for the first time a complete interview between President Lincoln and Benson J. Lossing, one of the leading historians of the Civil War, in which the ghost of the story of Lincoln's "stealing into Washington like a thief in the night" is finally laid to rest.

It is hard at the present time to realize why such importance was attached to this incident by Lincoln's enemies in the press and in public

life. As the narrative shows, he simply took the precautions which the situation seemed to demand. Yet the events of his journey probably received more attention in the newspapers of the day, both in America and abroad, than many a great battle. In his recently published biography Edgar Lee Masters revives it. It is too bad that Mr. Masters did not discover this honest statement, now available in Lincoln's own words as Lossing set them down, and supplement it with the statement of President Felton of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. There would then have been no room left for speculation or malicious invention.

The Lossing Interview.

But because so much venom, slander and distortion of facts has been employed on the episode it is worth while to give the Lossing interview in full, as the historian set it down in his diary, under date of Dec. 7, 1864:

I called on President Lincoln with Congressman I. N. Arnold of Ill. at 9:30. Met him in the Cabinet Council Room alone. He endorsed on the Permit of the War Department, his recommendation of me, to the courtesies of all public offices in the Service. At my request he gave me an account of his journey through Baltimore to Washington, as follows:

"I arrived at Philadelphia. Agreed to stop over night, and on the following day hoist the flag over Independence Hall. In the evening there was a great crowd, and I received my friends. I received a message from Mr. Judd of Chicago, a warm personal friend, asking me to come to his room. I went, and found there only Mr. Judd and Mr. Pinkerton, the latter a detective whom I had seen in Chicago. He had been employed for some days in watching or searching for suspicious or expected suspicious movements in Baltimore, in connection with my passage through, the time of which was known from public announcement.

"Pinkerton informed me that a plan was prepared for my assassination. He knew of the plan, but was not sure the conspirators would have pluck enough to execute it. He wanted me to go with him right through to Washington that night. I didn't like that. I had made engagements to visit Harrisburgh, and go from there to Baltimore, and I wished to do so. I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for me to return to Philadelphia the next night, if I shall be convinced there was danger in going through Baltimore the next day. I told him that if I should meet at Harrisburgh, as I had other places, a delegation to go with me to the next place (thru Baltimore) I should feel safe and go on. When I was making my way back to my room through crowds, I met Fred Seward. We went together to my room and he told me that he had been sent at the instance of his father and General Scott to inform me that their detectives in Baltimore had discovered a plot there to assassinate me. They knew nothing of Pinkerton's movements. I now believed such a plot to be in existence.

Raising of the Flag.

"The next morning I raised the flag at Independence Hall, went on to Harrisburgh with Mr. Sumner, (now) General Hunter, Ward H. Lamon and others; met the Legislature and people, dined and waited until the appointed time for me to leave.

THIS series of articles is based upon new or little-known letters and documents, many of them not heretofore published, from the private collection of the author; a large number furnished by friends and not previously included in any Lincoln collection; many, now appearing in print for the first time, taken from Government records and from the originals in the Library of Congress; still others gathered from rare pamphlets and from the biographies and diaries of Lincoln's contemporaries. It is hoped that owners of original and unpublished material everywhere will cooperate in order that all of Lincoln's writings now in existence may be made available. Copies of such material may be forwarded to the author in care of The New York Times.

"In the meantime Mr. Judd had so secured the telegraph wires that no communication could pass to Baltimore, and give the conspirators knowledge of the change in my plans.

"In New York some friend had presented me a new beaver hat, in a box, and in it had placed a soft wool hat. I never wore one in my life. I had this box in my room. Having informed a very few friends of the secret of my movements, and the cause, I put on an old overcoat that I had with me, and putting the soft hat in my pocket, I walked out of the house at a back door, without exciting any special curiosity. Then, I put on the soft hat, and joined my friends, without being recognized. I was not the same man. Sumner and Hunter wished to accompany me. I said no, you are known, and your presence may betray me. I will only take Lamon (now Marshall Lamon of the District of Columbia), whom nobody knows, and Mr. Judd, Sumner and Hunter felt hurt.

"We went back to Philadelphia and found a message from Pinkerton, who had returned to Baltimore, that the conspirators had held their final meeting that evening, and it was doubtful whether they had the nerve to attempt the execution of their purpose. I went on, however, as the arrangement had been made. It was a Special train. We were sometime in the depot at Baltimore, I heard people talking around, but no one particularly observed me. Thus I arrived, unexpectedly in Washington."

Thus Lincoln's great ordeal and triumph was beginning—but in no ignoble or undignified fashion.

The fourth article in this series, which will appear next Sunday, will deal with Lincoln as a President.

Heard Lincoln's Speech.

Editor Buffalo Express:—I was greatly interested in the anecdotes of and by the greatest of all Americans, Abraham Lincoln, published in Thursday's Express, for I never weary of anything relating to our first martyr President. But the last paragraph of the article, Gettysburg speech, leaves an impression on the reader unacquainted with the facts that is misleading and unjust to Lincoln. The fact that I was one of the vast audience that heard the immortal address of November 19, 1863, is one of the things of which I am proud. I stood only a few yards away from the speaker, heard every word he said and noted the effect of the speech on those around me. I am prepared to say that Lincoln't great oration did not fall flat on his hearers. Everett's oration did. I was a student in those days and many of my fellow students were in the throng. Everett had the reputation of being the greatest living American orator, and, in view of the surroundings and the grand occasion, we listened to hear the effort of his career. All of us were disappointed. The orator, in the beginning was flustered and in his exordium, which was a description of the great battle fought less than five months before on that spot, he twice used Meade's name for Lee's and was as often corrected by those who sat behind him on the platform—a circumstance that greatly marred the effect of that portion of his effort. The oration was long and all memorized, for Everett committed all his set speeches. It abounded in rhetoric as faultless as the orator's garments, classical references, historical parallels and well-balanced sentences, delivered with a magnificent voice. Decorously the people listened, but no eye glistened with tears, no hearts were stirred with deep emotion, and there was lacking an element essential to a great oration—the power to move those to whom it is addressed.

It was different when Lincoln, after a hymn had been sung by a choir from Philadelphia, arose to deliver the secondary address. Ungainly was he, but every line of his homely face was expressive of care for the country for which he gave his life, and grief for the patriotic dead whose last resting place he was dedicating; and, as one writer has said, "he had a far-away look, such as one is said to see on the countenance of those doomed soon to die." I well remember that after he had stood for nearly half a minute he was mastered by his emotions, unable to say a word, his tall, gaunt form the while swaying gently to and fro. Ere he had spoken a minute a sensation was visible in the crowd and eyes unused to weeping rained tears. From my personal observation on that memorable occasion I can fully confirm what the writer already alluded to—one of the shrewdest newspaper-men of the day—has said: "Before three minutes of the delivery of the speech had elapsed not a heart in all that vast throng but was stirred to its uttermost depths. When the speaker came to the words: "But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground," I have never seen an orator (and I have heard Webster, Choate, Soule, Sumner and other great orators), command such an intense interest. Near me in that crowded throng stood a stalwart man in a soldier's uniform. While sympathetic tears were rolling down his sunburnt cheeks, with one hand he lifted his hat reverently from his head and, holding upward in an empty sleeve the stump of the other, in sobbing tones he devoutly murmured: 'God Almighty bless Abraham Lincoln!' Then it was that we all knew what eloquence meant. We saw its electric effect on the plain people around. It was the full heart of the speaker moving the full hearts of his hearers. Eloquence can neither hope nor aim for any higher achievement than this. Mr. Everett's addres was the completeness of oratory; Mr. Lincoln's address was the climax of eloquence."

It was one of those supreme moments that do not often come into one's life—the feeling that he is taking part in a scene that will live in history and be referred to by one's children and children's children. It may be that Lincoln's Gettysburg oration fell flat on Lamon, one of Lincoln's biographers, and upon the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, Everett and others, and that even the orator himself had the impression that he had sadly failed; but as Murat Halsted, the great editor and acute critic, has so aptly said: "The bulk of the great audience, made up from the class whom Lincoln loved and trusted, the common people, at once received the address at its true value."

Seward, Lamon and the rest were deceived by the fact that no boisterous applause followed the conclusion of the orator's speech. Such applause, it was instinctively felt, was out of place on this occasion. Neither does it measure the worth of an effort. The silent tear, the quivering lip, the quick sob—these far better gauge the true character of the orator's utterance. And, measured by these Lincoln's oration at Gettysburg is one of the greatest ever pronounced by human lips, and it is neither correct nor just to say that it fell flat.

FRANCIS T. HOOVER.

Lockport, Feb. 14th.

REED

Chipman, Norton P.

With President When Immortal Gettysburg Address Was Delivered.

San Francisco, Feb. 1.—Norton Parker Chipman, former presiding justice of the State Court of Appeals for the Third district. died here today.

Justice Chipman probably was best known to the nation as judge-advocate of the military commission which tried and sentenced to death Capt. Henry Wirtz, Andersonville Prison jailer, who was hanged in "Old Capitol Prison" for cruelties to prisoners of war captured by the Confederacy and for 11 murders of which he was found guilty. The testimony of this trial, which required 63 days, beginning August 23, 1865, formed a theme of a book, "The Tragedy of Andersonville," written by Justice Chipman.

Bears Dispatches For Lincoln.

Veteran of the Civil War, bearer of dispatches for President Lincoln, author of the order creating Memorial Day and the only representative in Congress of the territory of the District of Columbia, Chipman had a varied career from the time he enlisted in Company H, Second Iowa Infantry, in April, 1861, two years after he had been admitted to the bar, until he went to Red Bluff, Cal., in 1876 to live.

Chipman was born at Milford, Ohio, March 7, 1836. His parents were natives of Vermont. In his early years he lived in Iowa. He was a graduate of the Cincinnati Law School.

On his enlistment in the Second Iowa Infantry Chipman was appointed lieutenant of Company H and was elected by the officers as major. He was wounded in the charge of his regiment on the Confederate works at Fort Donelson, but recovered, resumed his post and, after the Battle of Shiloh, in which he participated, was promoted to the rank of colonel and adjutant aide-de-camp on the staff of Major-General Halleck.

In the winter of 1863-64 Chipman was transferred to Washington, where he served in the War Department under Secretary Stanton until the close of the war.

With Lincoln At Gettysburg.

During this time he performed a special service as bearer of dispatches to commanders in the field by personal detail of President Lincoln. He was with Lincoln when the Gettysburg address was delivered. As judge-advocate Chipman tried many military cases besides that of Captain Wirtz. At the close of the war he was brevetted brigadier-general of volunteers and resigned to practice law at Washington.

He was appointed Secretary of the District of Columbia by President Grant. He served two terms as Representative in Congress for the district from 1871-1875.

While serving as adjutant-general of the Grand Army of the Republic on the staff of Gen. John A. Logan, Commander-in-chief, in 1868, he wrote the order creating Memorial Day. He also took part in the reorganization of the G. A. R.

For years after he moved to California Justice Chipman was president of the California State Board of Trade. Since 1897 he had been a member of California courts. In 1906 he was elected to the California Appellate Court bench.

Visitors + Witnesses
[Binder 1, p. 53-69]

Drawer 6

Gettysburg Address